JOHN BULL

Vol. III. No. 58. | SATURDAY, JULY 13th, 1907. | ONE PENNY.

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The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

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Vol. III. No. 58. Saturday, July 13th, 1907. One Penny.

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SPECIAL EDITORIAL NOTICE.

We are quite full up with short stories for some time to come, and it will save authors trouble if they will kindly refrain from submitting any further MSS at present.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

OUR FIRST DRAWING FOR TEN £5 NOTES TO BE ANNOUNCED NEXT WEEK.

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week ten of such numbers will be drawn by ballot—in the presence of a Notary or some other public official—and to the holder of each of such numbers we will pay the sum of £5, in return for his using his best endeavours for one week to increase our sales. Every reader has ample opportunities, without interference with his present occupation, of getting us new subscribers; and our object is to have ten readers each week specially engaged in pushing our circulation.

The scheme is in no sense a lottery. The £5 is paid in return for a week's assistance. We desire to further increase our sales, and prefer canvassers who are already readers to strangers.

The first drawing takes place on Saturday, July 13th, and the ten numbers drawn will be announced next week. They will relate to our issue of June 15th. Thereafter, a drawing will take place every Saturday, the drawn numbers being announced in the following week's issue of the paper. It will thus be seen that the numbers in respect of this week's issue will be declared in our issue of August 17th, published on August 15th.

For further particulars see "Letter Bag" page.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

The present Lord Chancellor is carrying his scrupulosity in the matter of non-party appointments to the verge of fatuity. Whilst the United Kingdom is run by the party machine it is an understood rule of the game that the spoils shall go to the victors. How otherwise does the present Lord Chancellor account for his own position? In these circumstances, there is naturally disgust on the part of Liberals that a Tory, in the person of Mr. C. J. Stewart, should be offered the plum of the Public Trusteeship. Even the pious *Daily News* protests. "There is much feeling," says our revered contemporary, "on the subject of Mr. Stewart's appointment, not only because of his chairmanship of a brewery, but because, like so many others who receive appointments now, he is a Conservative." It certainly appears remarkable that the Lord Chancellor was unable to find anyone amongst the Government's supporters capable of fulfilling the duties of the new post. However, we leave the two parties to settle the point between them. We are concerned with a much more serious aspect of the matter. After all, Mr. Stewart has not yet commenced his duties, and six months have to elapse before the Act comes into force. Much may happen in the meantime.

What a lot of twaddle is being written by the party press about the Jarrow election. Boiled down to plain fact, the result is simply this. Out of a total of 14,000 votes polled, the Protectionists have received 3,930, the official Government candidate 3,474, and all the rest is opposition to both parties. In other words, there are apparently 500 more "Conservatives" in Jarrow than "Liberals," whilst the Labour and Nationalist elements combined are almost equivalent to the other two put together. The only real lesson from the figures is the indication they give of the breaking up of our present party system. For which heaven be praised!

Here is a pretty little story. It comes from Sheffield. One of the local justices there is Sir Charles Skelton, an ardent temperance reformer (we think that is the correct phrase), and a gentleman not too well beloved of the people—since he has more than once expressed the view that any respectable working man should be well able to maintain a wife and six children on eighteen shillings a week. But we digress. The other day there came before Sir Charles "a melancholy man" on a summons for arrears of maintenance for a recalcitrant son in a reformatory school. In his defence the villain stated that he always gave all his wages except 2s. per week to his wife, and he thought she had kept the payments up. "What do you do with the 2s.? What right have you to spend it on yourself?" demanded the great Sir Charles. And, according to the report, "the defendant replied that he easily got through 2s. in a week, and admitted that he sometimes had a glass of beer." This was too much for the Bench. "You have been fooling your money away," declared the magistrate, "3s. a week, *or go to gaol.*" We wonder whether men like Skelton go to heaven.

We shall be glad to know whether Mr. Franklin Thomasson, M.P., has yet discovered the name and address of the mysterious gentleman upon whose authority he recently informed a City Temple audience that a certain licensed victualler was in the habit of placing his thirteen-year-old son upon the counter and backing him to drink more than any customer could. The secretary of the Licensed Victuallers' Society has promptly taken the matter up, but all he can get from the pious M.P. is that the information "was conveyed to him verbally in the ante-room of a public meeting at Bromley some weeks ago, but he has failed to discover the identity of his informant." What a contemptible justification for slandering the character of a whole trade. The matter should be followed up, in the interests of fair play.

In the meantime, Mr. Thomasson might inquire into the recent case in which the manager of a "temperance" public-house was convicted of permitting drunkenness on his premises—run by the "People's Refreshment Association," with several bishops and clergymen on the board of management.

At the annual meeting of one of the London circulating libraries the other day, it was announced that there has been a decline in the demand for novels. The decline can hardly be general, for novels in thousands jostle each other on the bookstalls, and at fourpence ha'penny per novel the British public seem to be swallowing all the great, middling, and bad authors with an avidity which says much for the adaptability of their literary digestion. It is true that in this country great novels have ceased to be written. We have degenerated into an epoch of the second-rate. The sex novel is dead. The novel of romance is in the hands of the same old group, who work the same old theme in the same old way. The novel of character, hardest of all to write, never sees the light. The mere love story has become a mixture of twaddle and sensationalism. There is room, and room in abundance, for the new novelist with the new book; for one who will deeply probe the things of life which matter; for one who will give us living types moving in a real world, and not puppets pulled by strings on a stage built up to suit their antics. For such an one fame waits with her hands full of gifts and honours. He is long in coming. But we live in hope.

The unwritten law is developing fast. Not content with justifying shooting in the back and blinding with vitriol, it now forbids counsel to defend its victims. Clamorous demonstrations are organised in court, violent insults are hurled at the head of the lawyer who dares to carry out his instructions, and he needs police protection on his way home from the trial. This is the Belgian version of the unwritten law, and should go far to rally sensible men against the innovation. If seduction is to be punished with death, let us alter the code. But to leave the execution of the unwritten law in the hands of individuals is to set up a system of anarchy. It would be better to revive the duello, which, with all its shortcomings, was at least conducted with a semblance of fairness. The modern self-constituted avenger gives a man no chance of defending himself, either with his tongue or his pistol.

Some journals are really very funny when they allude to royal personages. It is not merely a matter of fawning and bated breath and lick-spittle. It is a question of grovelling on the stomach and burying an abject face in the sand. And such an attitude often leads to incoherence. Listen to *M.A.P.* on the Grand Duke of Hesse: "The Prince, who is now in England, is peculiarly dear to our Sovereign and to his many English relatives, owing to the fact that he lost his only brother in a most tragic manner by a fall from a window." If the brother had fallen from a balloon, we suppose the Grand Duke would have been still more popular.

We have long thought it incongruous and undignified that regimental bands should hire themselves out to fairs and exhibitions and the garden-parties of the plutocracy. But we think the limit has been reached when the band of the Coldstream Guards goes over to Boulogne in the train of a "personally conducted" party. Surely regimental bands receive pay from the State. If so, how can they reconcile their regimental duties with gallivanting about and cheapening themselves? We also understoood that officers on the active list were debarred from taking part in political demonstrations. Yet we find Colonel Maxse, who commands the Coldstream Guards, going over to Boulogne with the *Daily Mirror*, delivering excited speeches, and sending off fulsome telegrams to the French President. This colonel is the "author" of a book called "Seymour Vandeleur," the best parts of which were lifted bodily from Mr. Churchill's "River War."

The publication of the "Dilke Report" on the Navy has delighted supporters of the Government, and roused the Opposition to lament our naval decadence. What a lovely example of political interpretation, not to say prejudice! Perhaps the funniest screamer is Mr. L. J. Maxse (a brother of the plagiarist colonel), who lashed himself into fury when addressing a meeting at Holmwood the other day. He said we were "playing ducks and drakes with the Navy"; Lord Charles Beresford "would find himself completely outclassed" by the Germans "in every category of fighting vessel"; "our Channel Squadron might have to fall back and await reinforcements," and in that case, "with a few days' command of the sea, the Germans could assemble and land an army of 100,000 men in this country." We quote this farrago of nonsense, not because we take Mr. Maxse seriously, but because he is typical of the "Imperial" alarmists who run about yelling "Wolf!" all day long. This gentleman is one of Lord Roberts' chief henchmen in the campaign for conscription and toy rifle-ranges for children. He is a civilian, and has never smelt powder himself, but is very anxious to see other people bleed for their country.

When the summer comes, if ever, there will be a wild rush away, but meanwhile the railway companies must be out of pocket to the tune of many thousands of pounds a week. Nobody in his sane senses even thinks about a holiday now, unless he must think about it now or never. Apart from the railway companies, Oxford Street, Regent Street, Bond Street and Piccadilly must have been hard hit. Nobody is buying new hats or wearing new clothes. The only wear at the time we write is overcoats and umbrellas. Surely even a British spring and summer have never been so wet and cold and generally wretched. This summer is the winter of our discontent.

Bishop Gore, of Birmingham, has been severely criticising the apathy of the Church on the question of the housing of the poor. "The Church has not been representative of the attitude of God towards oppression and cruelty," he told Convocation the other day. "Its deficiencies in this respect are lamentable." Of course they are. But there is nothing marvellous, rare, curious, or quaint about it. The deficiencies of the Church in regard to all broad political and social questions of inhumanity and wrong are always lamentable. This is the reason why it has become divorced from the masses of the people. But if it is lamentably deficient on the side of the angels, it is never wanting on the side of privilege and self-interest; it looks well after its own. It is a Tory Church and not a popular Church; and Bishop Gore, who is one of the few broad-minded ecclesiastics we have, does well to be indignant and

angry. The housing of the poor is a vital question, vital to thousands of the population in our congested cities, and yet the Church has nothing to say about it—no evangel to proclaim, no message to deliver. It is blind, and deaf, and dumb.

Not for the first time, an earthquake has happened somewhere, and nobody has heard about it since. In England Professor Milne went to his recording instruments and found them terribly agitated. Making instant calculations, he decided that the earthquake ought to be happening on a large scale somewhere in the neighbourhood of Peru, Mexico, or California. At the same time the seismic instruments in Maryland (U.S.A.) began to jump about also, and the recorders likewise calculated that there was an earthquake on hand in the vicinity aforesaid. Then the Stock Exchange got a cable proclaiming the fact; and as in these days the Stock Exchange gets excited about anything or nothing, it promptly quaked in sympathy with the earth, and down went the gilt-edged stuff once more. Now the Stock Exchange, Professor Milne, the Maryland recorders, and several others of us, are still looking for that earthquake, and not a man Jack of us can find it. Any person or persons giving authentic information as to its whereabouts will be handsomely rewarded.

The Lincoln City Council are wiser than the Chancellor of the Exchequer. They have made it a condition of the extension of the lease of the racecourse that ten per cent. of the receipts shall be handed over to them. Let other local authorities copy this example. That's the way to get rid of the rates.

The Parliamentary Committee have examined the L.C.C. Electric Supply Bill and have found it wanting—the new Council thus receiving a severe check in its looting of London. As the Bill stood under the old regime, its object was to keep the right of supplying electrical power within the metropolis in the hands of the people of London themselves. As the new L.C.C. cut and carved the measure, its object was to hand over the right of supplying electric power to private companies and setting up monopolies which would eventually have to be bought out at a heavy premium. We do not know how far it is true that the Moderates are so little in love with their bargain with the Trusts which shed money for them in the March election that they deliberately emasculated the Progressive Bill with the object of making the rejection of their own new edition certain. Municipal gratitude, like political, is a fickle jade.

The *Daily Express* sneers bitterly about economy in the matter of launching ships. "Quite the most absurd thing in the direction of saving money," is Mr. Pearson's verdict. Why? Because "those who have witnessed a ship launch know how extensive the arrangements generally are for the accommodation of the official guests and the public, entailing the erection of platforms, stages, and other details." For our part, we think that, if people want a beanfeast or a show whenever a ship is launched, they ought to pay for it themselves. Why should they have a free exhibition at the expense of the already overburdened taxpayer? A ship is built for a practical purpose, and should be launched in a practical way. We would not waste even a bottle of the taxpayers' champagne over her "christening." To run spectacular shows at the cost of the Exchequer is the very worst form of Socialism.

Many people read with delight Lord Rosebery's announcement that he was "happy to say that he should have no more to do with politics." But they reckoned without their Rosebery, who is always pretending to retire in order that he may have the fun of reappearing and shouting, "Here we are again!". It now appears that the speech he delivered when opening a village pump was "a careless interjection, loosely reported, and cannot bear literal interpretation." What an admirable description of his political pronouncements he thus furnishes. They say he is to make another "careless interjection" when the Small Holdings Bill reaches the Lords, but as it will not bear literal interpretation, why should anyone trouble to report it, loosely or otherwise? By the way, what is going to happen to the Liberal League, with which Lord Rosebery fooled so many solemn fools?

As Sir Kaid Maclean is a British subject, there seems to be good ground for active interference on the part of this country to tie up Raisuli once and for all. We do not, of course, advocate that Britain should send an armed force into Morocco alone, but if a composite French and British force was sent, Raisuli's days would be numbered, and Europe would be rid of a constant menace. After all, Morocco is a European affair, and to press the Moroccan Government, what there is of it, to make an end of Raisuli by means of the twopenny ha'-penny box of soldiers of which Kaid Maclean is commander-in-chief, is merely to make a farce of a situation which has become a nuisance. Europe should have settled Raisuli at the time of the Algeciras Conference. It may be said that Kaid Maclean is in the Sultan's service, and must take the risks of his employment. But if that argument is good, then we should leave him, as Sir William Harcourt once put it in another connection, to stew in his own juice. One of these days, however, Raisuli will be capturing a Lord Mayor, or a City Alderman, or Keir Hardie, or Hunnable of Jarrow, and then Tommy Atkins will have to go in on his own and put things straight. Meanwhile, it will be noted that Raisuli has developed in the Kaid Maclean affair an expansive cheek. As a condition of release he demands a Governorship, the withdrawal of troops from Tangier, and a big ransom in cash, to be guaranteed by Great Britain. If there is anything else he would like, we beg that he will not hesitate to mention it. What about a Biscuit?

More waste of time in the House of Commons. The Prime Minister has been called upon by Mr. Balfour to give a day for the discussion of a vote of censure on the Government in regard to their conduct of the Colonial Conference. The moving spirit of this ridiculous and time-squandering farce is Mr. Lyttelton, an ex-Minister selected to run our Colonial Empire apparently for his prowess in the tennis-court and the cricket-field. Everybody knows which way the motion will end. Its object is merely that of trying to kick the carcase of Protection into life again, and when the division is taken it will be found as dead as ever—at any rate, so far as this Parliament is concerned. Unhappily, the Prime Minister has no option, under our party system, but to give a day to this useless discussion. It offers an object-lesson to the country on the difficulties even a strong majority has of devoting itself to business. As things are, there is hardly any alternative between dragooning a minority without pity and without remorse and giving them all the rope they need to hang themselves. In the case of a Government elected by an overwhelming majority of the nation to do its own work in its own way, we prefer a little less of the kid glove and a little more of the mailed fist.

Apparently the jehus are coming round to our view that the taximeter and the sixpenny fare are the only alternatives to their rapid disappearance from the streets. The taximetered motor-cabs already in public service are always occupied, while everywhere one sees the horse hansom standing idly on the ranks. As more motor cabs are put on the streets, the position must necessarily get worse and worse for the jehu. Mr. Gladstone is inclined to save him from destruction as long as possible, willy nilly, and we have the promise of

legislation which will practically compel him to take a sixpenny fare as a minimum when he can get it, and calculate all fares above that amount by the automatic operation of the taximeter. Alternatively, jehu must become as extinct as the dodo, and that even more quickly than he realises.

There is much to be said for the proposal of Sir James Crichton Browne that all wilful milk adulterators should be electrocuted. The trouble is that there is no electrocuting apparatus in this country; but scaffolds are easily rigged, and a little widespread hanging in the usual way would improve the milk considerably. What with the manner in which milk is exposed to germ contamination from the cow to the dairy, and what with the water which gets into it between the dairy and the doorstep, drastic measures ought to be taken to finish off those who wilfully tamper with it. Milk is one of our chief national foods, and who shall estimate what disease is produced and fostered among us by its contamination on the one hand and its adulteration on the other? Certainly, if there is nothing else to be done with the milk adulterator, let him be hanged.

The *Daily Mirror* has been threshing out the question of "linguistic snobbery," by which it means the larding of conversation with foreign words. Why "snobbery"? It is silly to use a foreign word where an English one will do, but there is nothing necessarily snobbish in the practice. Some of the *Mirror's* correspondents plead for "serviette" instead of "napkin," on the ground of taste, as though a napkin belonged exclusively to the nursery. But surely this is a question of custom. No one outside a suburb talks of a "serviette," any more than of a "table-napkin," and the word napkin now only suggests the cloth with which we wipe gravy off our face-fungus. What the objectors really resent is the use of words which they are incapable of understanding. One of them practically admits this when he denounces the use of part of a Latin tag, which, after all, is quite sufficient among persons of education. In some cases we are driven to the use of foreign words because no equivalent exists in English. Take *naïf*, for instance, or *primâ facie*. And if all foreign words were rigidly excluded, there would be no opportunities of enriching our language any more. At the same time, their prolific introduction often betrays a lamentable lack of education—as tested by the inability to find available native expressions.

The Rev. Silvester Horne is angry with sporting writers. He says they are "scoundrels who pretend to expert knowledge." There is a homely little maxim about residents in glass-houses, and we commend it to Mr. Horne's consideration.

Mrs. Ormiston Chant deplores the fact that "there are not the God-fearing men on the London County Council to-day there were when she made her 'first protest' against public immorality." What do the Moderates say to this? The immediate cause of Mrs. Chant's concern is "living statuary." Why not invite her to appear in fleshings as the "awful example"?

Some of the papers will really have to be prosecuted for *lèse-majesté* if they persist in reporting the King in bad English. At Wellington, when distributing prizes, he was made to say "I am very pleased . . . a medal which will be coming later . . . I hope you will drink nothing out of it too strong." Now "very" never goes with a past participle. What his Majesty must have said was "I am highly pleased," or "I am vastly pleased." Again, "will be coming later" is a German construction, and must have been "will come later." Yet again, "too strong" must have come before the words "out of it." We protest against such distortion of the King's English.

It is somewhat inconsistent of "patriotic" papers to cry aloud for toy ranges for schoolboys and at the same time to blame the Government for placing "juvenile Jack Tars" to be trained on the "Dreadnought." If the King can do no wrong, we suppose that his Government can do no right.

The yellow terror has recently appeared in a new form. Ten thousand native Christians in Tonquin have gone out on strike against the Collection. This will cause more consternation in ecclesiastical circles than even the New Theology. The Pope and the Archbishops, the Anglicans and the Passive Resisters, the Faith Healers, and all the others are up in arms against these revolutionaries, who strike at the very foundation of the Church.

Mr. David Nutt has just published "The Early Bird—How to Get Up Early and Why." The author maintains that all self-respecting men should rise at six in winter and five in summer. There can be no doubt that we all sleep too much; but there are people who maintain that no good man ever got up early—the early Christians not excepted. The mischief of the world, they say, is done by the early birds. They rise to snatch some miserable advantage from their fellow creatures. Some of the examples quoted in this volume certainly put us to shame. One could weep, for instance, over the refined lady who, with the cares of a large house on her hands, contrived to master Japanese by rising at four in the morning. The average man would not give up one half-minute of his precious morning doze to become a master of Choctaw. He would prefer to discourse in that fine nasal language which is the Esperanto of all righteous sleepers.

John Bull's Biscuits.

Award No. 309.

For stating that "although I did not predict the success of the winner of the Grand Hurdle Race, his victory was immensely popular,"

THE PARIS SPORTING EDITOR OF THE *DAILY MAIL*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

Award No. 310.

For informing a complainant in a recent case that "we consider you and the defendant both as bad as one another, but you are the worst,"

ALDERMAN HATCH (of Southport)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

Award No. 311.

For advertising a "real diamond lochet, with exquisite necklet, accept 3s. 6d. the two,"

THE *DAILY EXPRESS*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

Award No. 312.

For stating that Dieppe strikers cut the moorings of the Dover mail-boat

REUTER'S CORRESPONDENT
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

Award No. 313.

For describing children's games in Soho under the heading "religious activity,"

THE EDITOR OF THE *TRIBUNE*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

Award No. 314.

For informing its readers that a Mrs. Warr "was born in the year of the battle of Waterloo, nineteen years before the demise of George III., was in her fifth year when Nelson achieved his last and most famous triumph at Trafalgar, and fourteen years old when the contest at Waterloo checked with dramatic suddenness the victorious career of Napoleon,"

THE *HARROW GAZETTE*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

THE PUBLIC TRUSTEE SCANDAL.

PROPOSED APPOINTMENT OF AN UNSUCCESSFUL BREWERY DIRECTOR.

["The Lord Chancellor informs me that he selected Mr. Stewart, after a careful and prolonged consideration of many names, as the candidate distinctly best fitted by character and experience for the difficult work of inaugurating the office of Public Trustee. . . . I have no connection whatever with this appointment."—THE ATTORNEY GENERAL.

The Lord Chancellor has not so far justified expectations, and his latest act in appointing to the high office of Public Trustee Mr. C. J. Stewart is not calculated to enhance his reputation.

It will be remembered that last session an Act was passed providing for the establishment of the office of Public Trustee, to be appointed by the Lord Chancellor, and "to receive such salary or fees and be appointed on such terms as the Treasury may determine." Before, however, any Trustee can be so appointed it is necessary by section 14 of the Act that the Lord Chancellor shall make certain Rules "for carrying into effect the objects of the Act, and, *in particular* (the italics are our own), for all or any of the following purposes"—and then the first of such purposes mentioned is "establishing the office of Public Trustee and prescribing the trusts or duties he is authorised to accept or undertake." It is further provided that any Rule made by the Lord Chancellor in pursuance of this section shall be laid before each House of Parliament "forthwith," and it is then, of course, open to either House to petition the King in Council against such Rule.

It will thus be seen that until the Lord Chancellor has carried out the provisions of section 14—that is to say, until he has laid upon the table of each House a Rule establishing the office of Public Trustee and prescribing his duties, it is not competent for any person to be appointed to fill the office. As a matter of fact, at the time we write no such Rule has been laid upon the table of the House of Commons. Presumably, it has not even been made, as otherwise it should have been tabled "forthwith."

In these circumstances, it was with considerable surprise that we heard the Attorney-General's recent announcement that the position had been offered to Mr. C. J. Stewart, who has since informed the shareholders of Allsopp's Brewery—of which for some years past he has been chairman—that he has accepted the offer. In other words, Parliament has been deliberately flouted.

This, however, is not our point to-day. We are concerned with the purely practical aspect of the matter. Who is Mr. C. J. Stewart, and what are his qualifications for this important post? We have already mentioned that for some years past he has been acting as chairman of Allsopp's Brewery. To say that the financial difficulties of that undertaking were due to Mr. Stewart's direction of affairs would be obviously unjust. The difficulties had arisen before his appointment. We do, however, say that so far from his services having been of value, the opposite appears to have been the result. During his term of office the capital of the Company has been written down by nearly a million and a half, whilst there has been a further shrinkage in market values of two millions sterling; and it was only when Mr. Stewart's approaching retirement was announced that the shares began to improve in price. The whole trade and the whole financial world know that Mr. Stewart has been a hopeless failure.

What was Mr. Stewart's previous experience? For several years he was Official Receiver in the Companies' Winding-Up Department, and afterwards he was Clerk to the London County Council. That he owed both these appointments to social influence is a matter of common knowledge—just as his sudden appearance on the board of Allsopp's was undoubtedly due not to any call from the shareholders of that undertaking, but to similar causes.

We express no opinion as to the manner in which the County Council duties were discharged. No one will, however, suggest that the experience gained in a few years at such a post could be of a character specially calculated to qualify for the position of Public Trustee. Let us for a moment consider what that official's duties will consist of. He is to act in the administration of estates of small value; act as custodian trustee; act as an ordinary trustee; be appointed to be a judicial trustee, and be appointed to be administrator of the property of a convict, under the Forfeiture Act of 1870.

What are the qualities demanded for such a post? We are disposed to summarise them as high character, judicial temperament, and business capacity. We should be sorry to suggest that in any ordinary sense of the words Mr. Stewart is lacking in the first-mentioned respect—although we confess that, in our view, there is a point at which private virtue becomes unconsciously merged in faults of temperament. And how lamentably Mr. Stewart fails under the second and third heads we will establish in a moment.

For this purpose we must go to the period when he was Official Receiver. As stated in our last issue, we came a great deal into contact with him at this time. He was for all practical purposes the prosecutor in the famous Hansard Union case, and it was in this capacity that all his worst qualities were revealed. Animus, spitefulness, and unscrupulousness, were the characteristics of his conduct. The present Attorney-General charged him with the deliberate suppression of an important document, the production of which "meant an end to the case." Sir Edward Clarke charged him with importing prejudice and clamour into the proceedings. We charged him with swearing a misleading Information, with wilfully withholding material evidence, with scheming to obtain by any means a verdict, because it would be "a feather in his cap," and with resorting to every unworthy device for the purpose of gaining his ends.

And Mr. Justice Hawkins practically found him guilty upon the whole of these charges—terrible in their character, when it is remembered that they were made against a public official, and one who was also an officer of the High Court.

> "I am not at all sure," said Mr. Justice Hawkins, "that in some of his comments upon the character of the evidence of Mr. Stewart, Mr. Bottomley was altogether unjustified in speaking as he did. *I should be telling you an untruth if I were to say that I could see no trace of hostility in Mr. Stewart.* . . . When I come to look at the Information (sworn by Mr. Stewart), there are three or four things in it which I think had better not have been presented in the way in which they were presented. . . . *I do not like exaggeration such as I have endeavoured to point out to you.* . . . So far as the evidence of Mr. Stewart is concerned, where it is hostile to the defendants it must be looked at carefully and jealously. . . . I do not like to see anything like animus."

Are not we entitled in the public interest to protest against the appointment of such a man to the position of Public Trustee? That we are actuated by no atom of malice towards Mr. Stewart is, we think, sufficiently evidenced by the fact that, so far as we are aware, his name has never hitherto been mentioned in these pages. When, however, we find a Liberal Lord Chancellor, with an almost unlimited field of selection before him—barristers, solicitors, accountants, bankers, and others of great experience in these matters—going behind Parliament, and, with indecent haste, thrusting this gentleman into the position, we remember our motto, and say that the thing must not be.

IN THE CITY.

THE UNIVERSAL STERILISATION COMPANY, LTD.

A company of this name with a capital of £180,000 in £1 shares, has just been formed for the purpose of acquiring "all rights to, and property in, a process for the sterilisation of meat, poultry, fish, milk, eggs, and so on, known as "Hislaires' Process." The process is patented in respect to the mechanical appliances and method of application, but the sterilisation material has not been patented, and its composition is secret. The chairman of the company is Mr. J. Anan Bryce, M.P.

There can be no doubt that if this process is what it claims to be, if it can keep meat and similar substances fresh for any length of time, and without deterioration, it may well effect a revolution, not only in the foreign meat trade, but in household economy, for the process deals not only with the cargo of meat, it can be used just as well by the housewife. But then everything depends upon whether the process is what it claims to be—whether it can keep meat fresh, and by means to which no objection can be taken. There are grounds for doubting this.

As far back as 1883 a man from Belgium brought to England a process on exactly the same lines. A company was formed, and a grand banquet given at a hotel in the neighbourhood of Oxford Street, at which many confident predictions were made as to the future of the process and of the company which owned it. But somehow the process was never largely used, and the thing died a natural death, to be revived nearly a quarter of a century later. The old company secured a patent for a material identical, as we are informed, with the chemical to be used by the Universal Sterilisation Company. This chemical has been the source of much trouble and anxiety to the Board of Agriculture, and numerous convictions have been obtained under the Food Adulterations Act. It is known as formaldehydum.

Prior to the formation of the present company a company known as the Universal Produce Preservation Company, Ltd., was working the process, and is one of the vendors to the new company, receiving for its interests £70,000, of which £10,000 is to be in cash. This company obtained the process from a Belgian, who asked £5,000 for it. Upon inquiry they found that though the proprietor would sell them the rights to make the safes in England and hand over the patents, the manufacture of the chemical called Carbonie Servatine could not be disclosed. As a matter of fact, this chemical had been discovered and used as far back as 1853, and is now among the chemicals prohibited by the Board of Agriculture and the Government analysts. This fact was known to the three directors, and enabled them to reduce the vendor's demand from £5,000 to £500. A sort of prospectus was drawn up and a company registered for £45,000 in £1 shares. It exhibited at the Cattle Show, and took big premises in Farringdon Street. The matter came to the knowledge, through the Agricultural Hall exhibit, of Messrs. Armours' agents, who were then forming a company with the same object, so far as enabling dead meat to be shipped from Chicago and the Argentine. The Armours were working under a patent which they had bought from another Belgian, and which turned out to be more or less of an infringement of the Preservative Company's patents. Messrs. Trengrouse—the agents of Armours—therefore thought it necessary to come to terms with the Universal Produce Preservation Company, but, being unwilling to be associated with that concern, they virtually bought it out, and the present company is the outcome. It was originally arranged that the Hon. W. G. Beckett, M.P., should be chairman, and it would be interesting to know why he has given place to Mr. Bryce, M.P.

Now, if our facts are correct, it will be seen that this secret process for which the Universal Sterilisation Company are giving £140,000—of which £15,000 is to be in cash—is a process which the Government has prohibited, which it will not permit to be used, and, if that be so, the whole bottom is knocked out of the company. We are quite sure that the present directors are unconscious of any objection of the kind to the secret process upon which the company rests. They are men of position and high character, and we suggest to them that they should satisfy themselves by means of independent and competent inquiry as to whether there is foundation or not for what we suggest, and we do not doubt that they will see the propriety of doing this without delay—before, that is, they go to allotment.

We have said nothing about the absence in the prospectus of the Universal Sterilisation Company of anything to show that their predecessors, the Universal Produce Preservation Company, have formed anything like a valuable connection. If our contention is correct—if, that is, the stuff used to sterilise is formaldehydum—the company cannot live, and it would be waste of time to go into other matters.

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SPIERS AND POND, LIMITED.

Remarkable Charges.

A correspondent sends us the copy of a letter from Spiers and Pond, Ltd. He had asked them to quote for the hire of linen and cutlery for just over nine weeks for use in a house he had taken for the summer holidays. He said it took two postcards and two letters to get an estimate. This estimate is contained in the following letter from Spiers and Pond, Ltd., dated July 3, 1907:

> We beg to enclose you prices of the goods mentioned in your letter to us of the 2nd inst.:—
> 1½ dozen sheets (9 single, 9 double), 6d. per pair; 1 dozen pillowslips, 1s. 6d. per dozen; 4 tablecloths, 3d. per yard; 1 dozen table knives, 1s. per dozen; 1 dozen small knives, 9d. per dozen; 6 tablespoons, 1s. per dozen; 1 dozen dessert spoons, 9d. per dozen; 1 dozen teaspoons, 6d. and 9d. per dozen; 4 saltspoons, 6d. per dozen; 1 dozen fish knives and forks, 2s. 6d. per dozen; ½ dozen egg spoons, 9d. per dozen; 1 dozen bedroom towels, 1s. 6d. per dozen.
> These prices are for a day's hire. Awaiting your further instructions, which shall receive our best attention, etc.

It will be seen that these figures work out for the nine weeks at surprising totals. The hire of one dozen table knives for 63 days comes to £3 3s.; of a dozen bedroom towels, £4 14s. 6d.; a dozen fish-knives and forks, £7 17s. 6d. These prices, our correspondent says, and we presume he is right, are at least treble the value of the articles, assuming them to be purchased at any shop where ordinary prices rule.

LINOTYPE AND MACHINERY, LIMITED.

Some Questions for the Directors.

The financial year of this company closed on June 30. The general meeting will not be held till the late autumn, but we have good reason to believe that the position as disclosed by the year's accounts shows no improvement. On the contrary, things are going from bad to worse. The French business has been seriously prejudiced by the rivalry of the American Linotype Company, which established itself in Paris in September last, and has since sold over 100 machines. This American machine is superior to that of the Linotype and Machinery, Ltd. It is a quick-change, double magazine machine, and our information is that it will soon be over here, when its competition is likely to be disastrous to the English company. At the last general meeting Sir Joseph Lawrence gave it to be understood that steps would be taken to prevent this competition, and that the directors were advised it could be prevented. We think we are right in saying that the matter has not been carried to the Law Courts. The question hinges on the interpretation of an old agreement between the two companies, and if the American competitor cannot be kept out of this market the result for the Linotype must be most serious. Last year the dividend was passed, and the same will happen this year. It may be hoped, although it is not likely, that some information will be given as to the item which figures in the balance-sheet for the year ended June, 1906, as a credit of £412,407, and is made up of shares and debentures "principally in associated companies controlling the foreign and Colonial Linotype business, in kindred machinery companies, and in newspaper properties." We put it to the directors whether this item is not largely made up of the shares of syndicates which have proved unprofitable, and which are of no market value, whether the money has not been lost in the following syndicates:—

> Commercial Die Press Syndicate.
> Type-setting Syndicate.
> Photo-Stone Syndicate
> Machine Engraving Syndicate.
> Disser Syndicate.

These syndicates are standing moribund in the books of the company. How much of the total £412,407 5s. 3d. is made up by the foregoing five syndicates? And how much is represented by moneys invested in newspaper properties? Is it to be understood that bad debts which have proven irrecoverable are taken in as assets? Then as to administrative expenses. At the time of the combination of the Machinery Trust and the Linotype Co., Ltd., it was said that the administrative expenses would be largely reduced, but, according to the balance-sheet of 1906, there was no reduction, the combined total amo[illegible] practically £28,500. Why is that?

We invite the directors to answer the following questions:

1. Is it true that there is no security for anything beyond the "A" debenture stock?
2. Is it true that the 7½ per cent. dividend payable to the Printing Machinery Company is secured by a bond ranking prior to the "A" and "B" debenture stock of Linotype and Machinery, Ltd.? If so, how does this come about?
3. Is it true that many items of stock are valued for stock-taking purposes at the same price at which they are sold—*e.g.*, are matrices valued in the stock sheets at 1½d. each, being the price charged by the company to users, and how many millions were there at last stock-taking?
4. Is it true that the American Mergenthaler Linotype Company has practically ruined the English company's sale of Linotype machines in France since they opened their office there last September, the English company being unable to sell their machines in competition with the much superior one offered by the American company?

If shareholders are alive to their own interests they will combine, and insist upon a Committee of Investigation from their ranks to ascertain the exact position of affairs. We invite the view of shareholders.

THE WEBSTER COACH.

In our issue of June 29, and under the head of "The Webster Coach," comment was made upon the coach service between Snaresbrook and Harlow. The writer assumed that it was run by Charles Webster, Ltd., and it was suggested that it was not a service that the company could afford to maintain, seeing that it could not be remunerative. We have since received a letter from Mr. James Roll, of "The Chestnuts," Cambridge Park, Wanstead, in which he says that the writer was in error in assuming that the coach which daily goes through the lovely country between the "Eagle" (Snaresbrook) and Harlow is run by Webster, Ltd. Mr. Roll says it is run by himself and three friends; that last year they paid Webster and Co., Ltd., over £300 for horsing the coach alone, and "that Messrs. Webster, Ltd., instead of taking any risk, do very well indeed out of this 'expensive luxury.'"

We regret that the correspondent from whom we obtained the particulars complained of was wrong in his facts, and we hope that Mr. Roll and his friends will continue to run the coach, and have some decent weather in which to enjoy the drive before winter comes again.

THE REV. W. CARLILE AND "JOHN BULL."

We have received a further letter from the Rev. W. Carlile, who shrinks from our challenge. We charged him with sweating, and challenged him to show his books: he will not. We charged him with selling to outsiders the best of the clothes he gets from the charitable public on the plea that they are to benefit the out-at-elbow clerks who take help from him, and offered to prove it by his books. He will not let us see them. We charged him with allowing his books to be kept in such an unsatisfactory way that the auditors made complaint, and we challenged him to get denial from the auditors. He has not taken up the challenge. We challenged him to prove by taking our representative over his Rectory House that his "best" rooms are at the service of the Army, as he says they are in his appeals to the public. He shirks our invitation. We have had but one object in view—to ascertain and proclaim the truth Mr. Carlile has not met us frankly and like a man. He has shirked the issues we have raised. The public will draw their own deductions.

The directors of the London Trading Bank have decided to recommend the payment of a dividend for the past half-year at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum.

NEW ISSUES.

THE old established business of Stagg and Mantle has been converted into a Joint Stock Company with a share capital of £100,000, half in 5 per cent. cumulative preference shares of £1 each and the remainder in ordinary shares of like denomination. 33,334 cumulative preference shares and the same number of ordinary shares are now offered for subscription. The board consists of the managers of the business, with Mr. John Orpin as chairman. The business has been carried on for nearly a century in Leicester Square, Leicester Street, and Sidney Place, and is that of silk mercers, linen drapers, costumiers, and lacemen. The property to be transferred is of an estimated value of £100,000, which includes £29,246 for goodwill. Messrs. Lee, Dickens and Co. value the leasehold interest in the several properties held by the firm at £18,130, and Messrs. Jackson, Pixley, Browning, Husey and Co. certify that the average net profits, taking the last three years, have amounted to £11,175, which would be sufficient to meet fixed charges, pay 7 per cent. on the ordinary shares, and carry forward a substantial sum. The preference shares are inviting, and we have little doubt that the company will do well.

THE NEW PUBLISHING CO., LTD.—The object of this company, as set out in the prospectus, is to do the business of publishers on conditions more favourable and, as the promoters allege, more equitable than is done at present. The company will give "practical effect to the principles advocated by the *Times* in its crusade against the publishers," and although it is said that the *Times* has no interest in the New Publishing Co., Ltd., it is to be noted that the promoter is Mr. W. Anderson Golby, a member of the *Times* Book Club. The directors have satisfied themselves that they can give much more to the public than the public has been in the habit of receiving from publishers, and yet pay substantial dividends upon the £50,000 share capital of the company. Whether this can be done remains to be seen. The list of directors does not strike us as a very practical one, but we observe that they treat themselves liberally in the way of remuneration. The qualification for the board consists of holding shares of the company of the nominal amount of £100, and each director is to receive by way of remuneration a sum of £200 per annum and "reasonable travelling expenses," whatever that may mean in this connection. In addition directors are to receive a sum equal to one-tenth of the balance of profits after the shareholders have received a dividend at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum upon the capital paid up of the ordinary shares. We need hardly say that these shares represent a very speculative investment.

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" 3 " " " 6 " " "

" 6 " " " 7 " " "

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TRAMWAY SHARES.—P. O. T. (Manor Hamilton).—There is no likelihood of much change in the quotation at present.

TINGHA CONSOLIDATED TIN MINES.—H. S. R. (Bristol).—We do not think so.

TAR PATENTS COMPANY, LTD.—W. B. R. (Wanstead).—The matter shall have our attention.

THE SILVER BIRD COBALT SILVER MINES.—W. N. (Belsize Grove).—It would be a highly speculative purchase. If you study the prospectus you will find that there is very little to go upon except that certain shares in Cobalt Mines have gone to a high premium, which does not help one very much in deciding upon the value or otherwise of this particular mine.

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.—C. P. W. (Ilford).—It is very difficult to advise in such cases. Our own inclination would be to take the surrender value and have done with it. As to an English office, you are already in an excellent one, and we suggest your remaining with it. We have returned your policy under cover.

OUTSIDE BROKERS.—A SAFEGUARD (Sheffield).—Have nothing to do with any of the firms named in your letter. CYMRO (Ystalyfera).—Have nothing to do with the firm in question.

BARCLAY AND CO.—REGULAR READER (Blackpool).—We cannot recommend you to have anything to do with this firm's "cotton deals."

CITY AND WESTMINSTER EXCHANGE.—W. N. (Levenshulme).—We know nothing aginst them.

OPTIONS.—A. S. (Ilfracombe).—If you will deal in this way, the London and Paris Exchange is the soundest of the firms you mention.

THE DRAPERY SYSTEM.—VICTIM.—We shall be much obliged if the writer of the letter on this subject sent to us some days ago will, in confidence, send us his name and address.

BANK SHARES.—J. W. H. (Attleborough).—(1) Our opinion was that you should not sell at present, seeing that the shares are likely to improve in quotation by and bye. (2) Japanese Stock may certainly be considered a sound investment. The only risk is that the country may become involved in a great war, for example, with the United States, but that is very remote.

THE SCOTTISH LIFE AND FIDELITY INSURANCE COMPANY.—WIDOW (Watford).—We have your further letter, but we cannot continue the correspondence. As already stated, in our opinion you have nothing to complain of at the hands of the company.

ATLAS FINANCE CORPORATION.—BUCKMASTER (London).—We do not recommend dealings with this firm. The bonds can be obtained at the Credit Lyonnais, Cockspur Street.

PROVINCIAL HOMES INVESTMENT COMPANY.—REGULAR SUBSCRIBER (Oldham).—We will look into the matter and answer your questions next week.

LAW AND GENERAL.—L. H. (Greenwich).—Yes, quite safe.

MOTOR AMALGAMATION.—SHAREHOLDER IN THE VANGUARD COMPANY (Slough).—We agree, but the amalgamation has been voted, and, we fear, cannot be undone.

MUTUAL RESERVE FUND.—F. J. L. (Southampton).—The position is a difficult one. We know of no "test" that you can apply. As to surrender value, you should communicate with the Company. If they make any reasonable offer we should accept it and cut the loss.

CITY AND COUNTY HOUSE PURCHASE COMPANY.—L. Y. (Clapham Park).—We regret we have no information.

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AMONG THE LAWYERS.

THE CASE OF THE COUNTY COURT CLERKS.

The Anomaly and Disabilities of their Service.

Probably the majority of our readers have no knowledge of the peculiar position of that intelligent and hard-working body of men, the clerks in the County Courts entering over six thousand plaints yearly. Recently Colonel Carlile, M.P., put some questions to the Prime Minister in the House of Commons as to the position of one of these clerks, Mr. Chas. George Hunt, for sixty years one of the clerks in the County Court of Clerkenwell.

Mr. Hunt was appointed a clerk in this Court with the approval and sanction of the Treasury in the year 1847, when the County Court Act first came into force, it having become law in the previous year. On his appointment, Mr. Hunt was remunerated by a proportion of the fees of the Court, it being provided in the Act that if the Fee Fund of the Court (which was Treasury money) was at any time insufficient to pay the salaries of the clerks, the deficit was to be made up from the Consolidated Fund. As a matter of fact, the general public found these Courts so convenient for business that the fees increased rapidly, and thereupon the Treasury altered the arrangements and fixed the clerks' salaries at the amounts they were then receiving.

As time went on Mr. Hunt was promoted, and somewhere in the early nineties he became senior clerk of the Court, at a salary of £375 per annum. Ten years ago the Treasury decided to revise the salaries of the clerks, with the result that, through no fault of his own, Mr. Hunt's salary was reduced from £375 to £300 per annum. He was one of several who suffered in this way. They represented to the authorities that it was unfair that, from no fault of their own, they should suffer this large reduction, and if the requirements of the State made revision of salaries desirable, it was only right that they should receive compensation. This view did not commend itself to the Treasury, and these clerks have never received a penny in the way of compensation.

In 1906, Mr. Hunt made application for leave of absence upon the ground of ill-health. He was given three months' leave on full pay, and afterwards another six months, upon the condition that he paid for a substitute. At the end of this period—that is to say, in September last—Mr. Hunt, who had then reached his eightieth year, and had been in the service of the Court for sixty years, who had in his possession many letters from Registrars testifying to the value of his services, and against whom there had never been a breath of complaint, applied to be pensioned, but was told there were no funds from which a pension could be drawn. Mr. Hunt then applied to the Treasury, who informed him that they could do nothing in the matter, since he was not a Civil servant, but the personal servant of the Registrar, who did not consider himself in any way bound to pension him.

We have before us a letter written by Mr. M. E. Behrens, private secretary to Mr. McKenna, then Financial Secretary to the Treasury, dated December 13, 1906, which puts the position as seen by the Treasury:—

> "Mr. McKenna desires me to say he has carefully considered Mr. Hunt's case, but he regrets that he has been unable to alter the view which he took of it in conversation with you last week. (The letter is addressed to Colonel Carlile, M.P.)
>
> "Mr. Hunt is a member of a class of men who are in the personal employment of the Registrars of the County Courts, and whose salaries are paid out of a lump sum granted to the Registrars for the purpose. But, more than this, the Registrars themselves in many cases are not civil servants, but private persons, who combine the duties of Registrar with their own professional practice.
>
> "You will thus see that in no case are their clerks servants of the State, and in many cases they are not even the servants of Civil servants, and bear, in fact, a far closer resemblance to an ordinary solicitor's clerk than to a Civil servant.
>
> "Mr. McKenna regrets that he has to send an unfavourable reply, but he regards the present as constituting a case, not for relief from public funds, but for private benevolence."

Truly, a remarkable letter. According to Mr. McKenna, Mr. Hunt was a personal clerk of the Registrar. If that be so, why did the Registrar have to get Treasury sanction for leave of absence for his own clerk?

Under the new Employers' Liability Act the Treasury are taking the responsibility of compensating officers of the Courts who may meet with injury, and these officers include the clerks of the County Courts. Why should the Treasury accept responsibility for them if they are the personal servants of the Registrar?

See the absurdity of the contention of the Treasury. The Government admits liability in the matter of accident. The Government claims the right to revise salaries. The Government requires to be consulted when leave is asked for, and yet, according to the Treasury's contention, the clerks concerned are in no sense Civil servants!

TO ABOLISH DEBT.

We have received the following letter, which makes a novel and interesting suggestion. We may add that we are not aware that we have suggested a Debtors' Protection Society.

> I have noticed for some time your sensible observations upon the abominable procedure for debt, but in your last issue you suggest a Debtors' Protection Society. This is the most unfortunate expression I have seen in your clear-headed and instructive paper. You assume a breed of people called debtors, by profession, so to put it, which ought to combine in order to protect themselves against the other breed, which we must call creditors. This is logically wrong. What is wanted, and must surely come, is a society for the utter abolition of debt, with all the cruelty and exposure which its courts entail. It is almost always the timid, kind, and good man who loathes and shuns the debt courts. It is the deep pleasure of the cruel and unfeeling and worthless—he has no character to lose nor feeling to be hurt.
>
> Debt should be always a matter of honour, and never a question of law. A. has the matter in his own hands, whether he gives B. credit or not. If B. asks A. for credit, A. can refuse, as he so very often does; but if he gives credit he does so altogether upon his own responsibility and to serve his own ends, and he should have no remedy whatever in law. We are burdened as poor taxpayers to do the dirty work of the money-lender. He only lends because he knows we have created a specially elaborate and expensive machinery by which he can screw us down or expose us, which to many people is the worst part of it. Then there are the various secret agencies which record a man's "credit" like cast-iron when they know nothing of the attendant circumstances. The whole of this vicious circle should be stopped in the best interest of humanity, and for the great welfare of the nation.
>
> We want urgently a Society for the Abolition of Debt. This would make society pure, raise the quality of honour, save many valuable lives, and save also much expense upon an illogical vulgarity which we have inherited from barbaric times.
>
> If you help to form such a society as I suggest you will do an epochal public service, and I shall be one of your first members. A good secretary (paid, of course), and perhaps a good lawyer, would be the first essential—with yourself as chairman, for in such a position a man of distinct courage is needed, and your position in Parliament would make you exceedingly valuable to such an organisation.-

JUDICIAL APPOINTMENTS.

In the course of the debate on the second reading of the Criminal Appeal Bill, Mr. Buckmaster, K.C., made a declaration as noteworthy as it is true. Said the learned member for Cambridge:—

> "It was no use disguising the fact that the judgment of many of our judges had ceased to command the confidence of the public and of the profession. The reason was plain, and the cause might be removed. Judicial offices, from the highest to the lowest, had been tossed to this man and to that as a reward for party service, or, still worse, for personal favour."

The scandal reached its highest some six years ago. Even Lord Halsbury seems to have recognised that there is a limit beyond which it is not safe to go in this country, and during the remainder of his tenure of the Chancellorship his appointments on the Bench left nothing to be desired. There are now upon the Bench at least three judges whose standing at the Bar gave them no claim whatever to the promotion they received. Since Lord Loreburn has been Chancellor, nominations to the Bench have been few. Although the first and most conspicuous of them was for political service, the professional claims of the nominee were great and admitted. Having regard to the utterly indefensible system pursued in the appointment of judges, it is remarkable that on the whole they get through their judicial duties so well.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Tenancy Agreement (T. H. D., Weymouth).—You should certainly have your part of the agreement stamped. You can send it free of cost through the local post office.

Building Bye-laws ("Building Inspector").—A local authority has no power to pass plans contrary to their bye-laws, and their approval is void so far as any difference is concerned. Any person could take proceedings to enforce the bye-laws.

Renewal of Lease (J. M., Harlesden).—The landlord is not entitled to the assignment. The lease bearing the landlord's signature need not be signed by you.

Prevention of Corruption ("Dido," Swansea).—There is no illegality in inviting subscriptions to your annual outing from customers of your firm if it is done openly.

Income Tax ("Mariner," Liverpool).—We think that you are entitled to have the sum to which you refer, and which you only receive in certain circumstances, assessed as casual profits. You should appeal to the Commissioners of Inland Revenue if you do not get satisfaction from the surveyor.

Gas Shares (W. A., Wakefield).—We do not think that the technicality will help you, but you might apply to see the register, and inform the liquidator that you have the certificates which show the shares as fully paid.

Lending Money to Start Business ("Prosperity," Leyton).—The mere lending of money does not make a person a partner, and you would be under no liability in the matter.

Tenancy Agreement ("Cymru," Hither Green).—Your agreement is really one for four years, and you cannot leave until 24th June, 1908.

"WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?"

It may mean Five Pounds for you next week.

See page 1.

A CABINET COUNCIL.

As Revealed by Jim Crow.

There is a persistent delusion that extraordinary secrecy is maintained about proceedings at Cabinet Councils. As a matter of fact, ministers babble as much as anyone else, and Sunday papers appear to have no difficulty in worming confidential information out of them. But I believe I am the first stranger who has been present at a sitting and has come out alive. The way I managed it was quite simple. I just disguised myself as a dog, and pretended to sleep on the mat.

When all the ministers were seated round a bright mahogany table, C.-B. inquired in dulcet tones, "What will you gentlemen take?" In most cases the answer was "Scotch," that being the nationality of all modern ministers. Cigars having been lighted, I waited breathlessly to hear some frank expressions about Mr. Deakin, or Mr. Redmond, or Lord Rosebery, or some other "black beast" (as they would say in France). But for a long time the conversation turned on wine and women, music-halls and patent medicines. I began to fancy I had strayed by mistake into the commercial-room of a country inn. At last I gave audible expression to my weariness. The Home Secretary said he wondered why "that dog" had been let in. John Burns reassured him by remarking with a laugh that I was not an emissary of the *Daily Mail*.

"Well," said Grey, suddenly emerging from a brown study, "I would never have believed that we could be so successful. Here we have nearly passed through two sessions, and——"

"Nothing has passed our honourable House except two sessions," said Lloyd-George.

"Precisely. That is just what I am boasting about. You Radical beggars were precious lavish with your promises, but we have taken jolly good care that none of them should be performed."

"The House of Lords," began Bannerman, bluntly.

"The House of Lords," said Burns, "has played its ordinary obstructive game. And it's played it damned cleverly, chucking out the Non.-Con. Bill nobody was keen on, and then passing the Trades Disputes Bill to show there was no ill-feeling. Just one of those snuffy little tricks Balfour's so clever about. And now we're playing into their hands by spending time over rotten little resolutions, which mean nothing even when they are passed by overwhelming majorities."

"Just what I always thought," said Haldane. "Much better leave 'em alone."

"Yes," said Grey, thoughtfully. "Thank God, we have a House of Lords. It will take us all this Parliament to carry on an academic constitutional discussion about it. Meanwhile, no hasty legislation. The Radical element will be sterilised or die of inanition. And as for the Labour party, it will get no votes when people realise how little it has been able to accomplish."

"But, by George," said Lloyd-George, "the same thing applies to us. We came in with a great big programme, and it still remains little more than a programme. We are bound to be turned out if we don't accomplish something soon."

"No, no," said Asquith, helping himself carelessly to port, "it doesn't matter what we do. The thing is to go to the country with a good cry."

Birrell birrelled "Yes, and have one when we don't come back."

"I am all for a good cry," said Master Herbert, despondently, "but where are we going to find one? It is idle to pretend that we possess a particle of imagination among the whole lot of us."

"Oh!" replied C.-B., "we can trust Winston to provide us with any amount."

"I dare say," said Morley, waking up with a start, "but how long will he consent to do all the work and remain out in the cold?"

"That's all very fine," Lloyd-George observed, "but if we once let him into the Cabinet, he'll cause ructions in no time."

"He has done that already," sighed Elgin.

Maybe," returned Fowler, "but we have borne all the heat and burden of the day, and we are not going to give way for a stripling who was fighting the Liberal party not so many months ago."

"Suppose we discuss measures, not men," C.-B. murmured pawkily.

"I wish somebody would," quoth George. "So far we have had nothing but half-measures."

"Yes," said Burns, "what about Old Age Pensions?"

"My dear sir," Asquith returned, helping himself to port, "need we return to that threadbare topic? Old age pensions do very well in perorations when we are in opposition. But you forget that we are also pledged to economy. Besides, you forget that I have already begun to think about providing the nucleus of a fund. By the time the babes of to-day have reached that venerable period which the Psalmist associated with labour and sorrow pensions may be very nearly in sight."

"There's one thing I want to know," said Lloyd-George, suddenly; "if we're going to abolish the Peers why have we just created some more of them?"

"Have you?" queried Birrell, sweetly.

"The party funds have to be collected somehow," Asquith replied, ignoring the interruption.

"And pray how much did you receive for the four peerages?" George pursued.

"I must ask for notice of that question," C.-B. said, amid general laughter.

"Well," said Fowler, "will you explain what on earth you meant by promising quinquennial Parliaments? Surely we owe it to our party to stay in as long as we can. Let us have shorter Parliaments by all means, but not until this one has died a natural death."

"Promises often take a long time to fulfil," said C.-B., "particularly when we are dealing with great constitutional questions."

"Can't we think of some more 'great constitutional questions'?" Asquith inquired, as he helped himself to port. "Then we could put off reforms for another decade."

"Suppose we tinker with the Commons as well as with the Lords," Grey suggested brightly. "Let us bring in a new Reform Bill. That always takes up a lot of time, and sounds very democratic."

"But practically everybody has got the vote now," Haldane objected, "except women, and we all know they don't want it."

"Oh!" said Grey, "we could always play about with the registration laws and electoral areas, and the second ballot. Anything which is full of detail is sure to take a long time in committee. Then we can ascribe our impotence to the obstructive tactics of the Opposition."

"I say," exclaimed McKenna, "*apropos* of boots, when is anything going to be done for the poor persecuted tea-drinker?"

"Tea-drinker," replied Asquith, replenishing his glass, "pooh! there's no such person. Who drinks tea nowadays? Tea, indeed! Faugh!"

"Yes," said McKenna, "that is all very well for you. But what about our election pledges? 'It don't seem right to me——'"

"Oh! that d—d doggerel," Asquith was beginning, when a diversion occurred. Hearing the words "d—d dog," I became restive once more, and lo! before I could so much as say "Jim Crow," I was firmly grasped by the collar and violently ejected. The Home Secretary has a heavy foot, and I don't know when I shall be able to sit down again. It was "*apropos* of boots" after all, though I did not take McKenna's meaning when he first used that cryptic phrase.

COMPANY REFORM—BY GEORGE!

A PRIZE OPERA—WHAT HAS BECOME OF IT?

By Thomas J. Ablethorp.

Not to go back to ancient times, when Mozart and Beethoven lived in poverty and were buried in pauper graves, within a very short period two exceedingly popular English composers—Mr. Frank Löhr and Mr. Henry Ponte—died under similar circumstances, and not many weeks back it was announced that Mr. Milton Wellings had fallen on evil days. We were told that all these and many more regrettable affairs in the musical world were due to the action of the Musical Pirates, but the more judicial may have noticed that while the composers died in want, the publishers still lived in their palaces in the West End, and found thousands of pounds to forward a crusade for the passing of a Bill through Parliament. As they declared that this was done entirely in the interests of the composers, it was very kind of them. Undoubtedly the state of English music is deplorable, for while millions are squandered every year on foreigners and foreign music, the Moody-Manners Company, the Royal Carl Rosa Opera Company, and Mr. J. W. Turner's Company can hardly get a hearing or a living in London. No doubt this state of things is largely due to the absence of new operas, for, when all is said and done, it comes down to this, that English opera consists of "The Bohemian Girl" and "Maritana," both of which were composed by Irishmen, just as the British Drama, since Shakespeare's day, has consisted of "She Stoops to Conquer" and "The School for Scandal," both of which were written by Irishmen.

In this very lamentable position, I welcomed the offer of a prize of £500, which Messrs. G. Ricordi and Co., of 265, Regent Street, offered for an opera by an English composer. Messrs. Ricordi have had great experience of opera. They publish some thousands, and have done well out of them, for they have houses at Milan, Naples, Rome, Palermo, Paris, London, and Leipsic. To an unsophisticated person like myself, £500 seemed a great deal of money to give for an opera, and accordingly I became so interested in the scheme of these benevolent foreign gentlemen that I secured a copy of the "Conditions." This was on January 11, 1905, and from time to time I have been studying these "Conditions" ever since. Shortly they amount to this:—

Messrs. Ricordi offered a prize of £500 for the best lyric opera, "written in the English language," and composed by a musician of British birth. But this is not all. All competitors had first to purchase the entire copyright and performing right in a libretto, a synopsis of which had to be submitted to Messrs. Ricordi and approved by a committee consisting of two foreigners—Tito Ricordi, Esq., and M. Massenet—and one Englishman, Mr. Joseph Bennett. This looked as if Mr. Bennett—who is a writer of libretti himself—were to be the sole judge. If Mr. Bennett did not advise favourably, presumably the poor composer had to go on buying libretti till he found a librettist of whom Mr. Bennett approved. However, presuming that the composer's money held out, and he ultimately found a librettist of whom Mr. Bennett approved, he then had to set to work and compose an opera in about six months, and, having completed it by December 31, 1906, he had to have it copied and had to deliver to Messrs. Ricordi the full orchestral score, the libretto, and the pianoforte score. After complying with all these conditions, in the event of his winning the prize, it does not seem to me very clear that he would not be considerably out of pocket; but, at any rate, all those who were not successful would be considerable losers.

But now we come to the most important part. So far it seems that Messrs. Ricordi, not having spent a penny piece, and several English composers having spent some hundreds of pounds, the successful composer had to assign to Messrs. Ricordi the entire rights in the music and libretto, which Messrs. Ricordi were free to publish and sell without paying a single sixpence to either the author or composer. I put this very plainly, as we have heard so much about the enormous fees which composers are supposed to lose owing to the action of the music pirates, and because, owing to the display in capital letters of the words, "A Royalty equal to 40 per cent.," it is made to appear to the less observant that the composer was to benefit very largely by the generosity of Messrs. Ricordi. This is not so. The "Royalty equal to 40 per cent." which the composer and author were to receive was only equal to 4s. for every 20s. which Messrs. Ricordi received "for any *performance* of the opera which may be given." Needless to say, the publishing rights for all countries is the "lion's share."

I am not quarrelling with Messrs. Ricordi for this. They are business men, and if composers are fools, and do not read, or, having read, agree to such terms, they have only themselves to blame. All that I wish to point out is that there seems to me no great generosity in "Ricordi's English Opera Competition: Prize, £500," and that the offer of the firm was not quite so benevolent as was made by contemporaries to appear, or so likely to benefit the composer as Messrs. Ricordi, the publishers.

Some may think that, so far, my comments are unfair, as, in any event, whether they got a good opera or a bad opera, Messrs. Ricordi were going to pay £500 for the best they could get. Not a bit of it. By Condition 3 Messrs. Ricordi shield themselves from buying a pig in a poke, for although they hold out the bait of £500 and 40 per cent., and the distinct promise of a performance of the successful opera at "Covent Garden Theatre, London, during the Grand Opera Season of the year 1907," they are careful to stipulate, in small letters this time, that:

"Messrs. Ricordi and Co., however, reserve the right to withhold the prize if the Committee report that no satisfactory work has been sent in."

In other words, these very shrewd Italian gentlemen, like any other publishers in the world, would be very pleased if English composers would kindly invest large sums of money in libretti and music copying, and if they, after a year's hard work, managed to write an opera as good as "Faust," "Carmen" or "The Meistersinger." Any of these works must have produced at least half-a-million of money, and accordingly Messrs. Ricordi would no doubt be very pleased to give for their equivalent the sum of £500—a thousand per cent. less than its value. I have not the slightest doubt that they would, but, if this is how pubilshers do their business, I am not surprised that the publisher lives like a fighting cock and that the composer starves in a garret.

At a later date I may be able to give some interesting details of music publishers' contracts and expenses, and of composer's royalties, but for the present I must confine myself to the question of this prize opera.

For two years and seven months I have carefully kept the "Conditions" of "Ricordi's English Opera Competition" by me and have waited for results. I well remember how it was heralded by the entire Press, and what an excellent advertisement all this must have been for Messrs. Ricordi. I have hoped, too, it would benefit at least one English composer and English music generally. It may, of course, be that I do not read my papers carefully. It may be that the prize has been won, that the money has been paid, and that the prize opera is in the course of rehearsal at Covent Garden and will be produced during the season now drawing to a close. I can only say if all these things are so—as I hope—I have not heard of any of them. As I am vastly interested in them, I appeal to anyone better informed than myself—Messrs. Ricordi, M. Massenet, Tito Ricordi, Esq., and Joseph Bennett, Esq., or, indeed, any of the various authors and composers who may have competed for the £500—to furnish me with the facts and their views of the situation, whatever it may be. I should also welcome a letter from "The Grand Opera Syndicate, Ltd.," with whom Messrs. Ricordi and Co. stated they had made the above arrangement. Mr. Neil Forsyth is, I believe, the secretary; Mr. Percy Pitt is, I believe, the musical director, and Lady de Grey and Mr. Harry Higgins, I am told, are the moving spirits—but, really, it is quite possible that my readers in the musical and literary world know far more about it than I do. Anyway, we shall see.

REMITTANCE MEN.

Our article upon Remittance Men, which appeared in John Bull of February 2nd, has been travelling round Canada, and after a time reached Mr. Henry R. Cooke, of Cressmans P.O., Saskatchewan. He has been good enough to send us some comments upon it, which we think will be read with interest. Mr. Cooke writes:—

> In John Bull of February 2nd there is an article concerning remittance men which is a trifle misleading, and a dreadful picture is drawn of the evil effects the sight of a drunken Englishman tumbling out of a saloon has upon Canadians.
>
> Let me tell the writer that for hard drinking, Canadians can keep their end up with any Englishmen that ever crossed the Atlantic, and there are always plenty of Canadian loafers around to help the remittance man to "blow in" his allowance. Another thing, if the people at home imagine that sending their ne'er-do-wells to Western Canada will pull them straight, they are making a tremendous mistake, the chances are all the other way. To a man accustomed to better things the dull monotony of the prairies becomes deadly, farm work is terribly hard, as indeed is all work out here, conversation is confined to wheat and cattle, and a Canadian farmer's library is generally represented by the Bible, a book of Moody and Sankey's hymns, the Farmer's Guide, and a Canadian history of the war in South Africa showing how the Canadian contingents saved the Empire; but every little village has a hotel or two doing a roaring trade in the sale of vile liquor, where a broken man will be supplied as long as his money lasts and he can cling to the bar.
>
> As for the Canadian children, they do not judge Englishmen by a few poor drunken wastrels, they can see all over the Dominion thousands upon thousands of strong, industrious, intelligent Englishmen holding their own and better alongside Canadians. Go where you will, to the banks, the large business warehouses, the trades, or the farms, at the head you will find English clerks, managers, and mechanics. As for Englishmen in business for themselves, who have only been a year or two out, they are almost as plentiful as mosquitoes in Saskatchewan.

HOW WE LIVE.

By A. C. Menzies.

No. V.—THE DUSTMAN.

The Dustmen's Society was in full swing. Outside, the east wind roared and howled, but within the "Bull and Bin" all was warm and light. The doyen of the evening was old Sammy Grimes, and he was in his element. "Yus, mateys," he said, "tikin' dust away may not be orl lavender, but it's wot may be clarssed as a life-savin' purfesshun, an' chawnce it. Wot would the world be wivout dustmen? W'y, a bloomin' dust'eap, like it were afore Hadam an' Eve."

"You're a fullhossifer, Sammy, blowed if you ain't!" said his pal 'Obbs, admiringly.

"Wot is a fullhossifer, matey?" inquired another.

"W'y, it's a ruddy bloke wiv plenty in 'im, Igerance!" loftily responded 'Obbs.

"Oh, 'Arry! 'ow can yer say sich a fing abaht Sammy?" said Mrs. 'Obbs, reproachfully. "'E 'asn't 'ad above five goes as yet."

"Shet yer jawr, you!" said 'Obbs. "Wimmin 'asn't got the ruddy vote yet, so you carn't unnerstan' book-lernin' like us blokes."

"Ahr!" continued Sammy, "there weren't no one ter tike Hadam's bin away, so 'e 'ad to do it 'isself; an' so consekently we air the oldest trade there is—in fact, we're clarss, only we doesn't put on side enuff. Our missuses, too, wears as big 'ats as duchesses. The duchesses gets 'em out of pin-money, an' our old women gets 'em out of bin-money. But *that's* nuffink to what it used ter be afore the Goverment 'ad 'No grattitoods alowed' p'inted on the cawrts. I used ter tike 'ome more'n eight shillin's every evenin' in grattitoods, wivout ever touchin' the wages. We lived in fine style them times, in the subbubs at Nine Elms, an' kep' a gal. But my old dutch got jellous of nex'-door, oo's old man were a road-sweeper, an' went ter work in a Goverment uniform wiv black levver eppalettes an' gaurntlet gloves, jest like a toff. She sez, 'Golong an' give hup this 'ere wulgar, 'orrid job, an' tike on nex'-door's. You'd look much 'ansomer than 'im, I'm sure!'

"'Well, she kep' on a-worryin' till I nearly guv in; but luckily we was passin' a Harmy meetin' at the corner one Sunday, an' the werry words as we 'ear made 'er stop an' listen. The bloke in the middle sez, in a holler woice, 'Dust thou hart, to dust returneth.'

"'Ho, Sammy! 'ow did 'e know 'oo we was? I see 'im stare strite at you w'en 'e said that,' sez she. 'It's a fair sign as you're to keep on the job.'

"I were werry glad to 'ave peace an' comfort again, an' we moved back inter our hold place among our hown set. The subbubs is too 'igh ter 'ave ter live hup ter. But I were a-talkin' about the bins. There's some as is a pleasure to empty, as they're like a bloomin' lucky-bag. Yer'll alw'ys find as there's a young, silly 'ousemaid w'ere there's good pickin's. Cos w'y? She don't like a-soilin' of 'er pawrs a-pickin' hup things; she jest sweeps heverything inter the dustpan, an' dahn it comes. Only larst week I found a brooch, a silver spoon, an' a corkscrew in one street."

"Did yer give 'em back, matey?" said a ferocious-looking individual who had been buried in a tankard most of the time.

"No," replied Sammy. "Good reason fer w'y—I never got no thanks fer anythink as I ever troubled abaht. It was alw'ys, 'Nah then, dustman, wot are yer trampin' on my clean steps for?' or, 'Ho! the careless 'ussy; I shall 'ave ter get rid of 'er.' And werry seldom 'ave I bin even said 'thank yer' to, much less guv a rewawd; so I sez finders is keepers nah, an' it works aht orlright.

"There's one old gal as mikes me larf. She 'as guv hup 'avin' us in, as she sez we mikes a mess, an' I sez 'Wot do yer do wiv the stuff, marm?' 'Ho,' she sez, 'I burys hit rahnd the fruit trees ter mike them grow bigger; it mikes splendid manoor,' she sez. So I sez, 'Wot do yer do wiv orl the old tins and cans?' 'I burys them too,' sez she, so I 'spect as the old fool réckons she'll 'ave tinned fruit orl ready to put in the cupboard a-growin' nex' year. Orl old gals 'as bees in their bonnets, an' some 'as bloomin' 'ives, judgin' from their antics. ''Ere's tuppence fer yer, dustman, an' I 'ope as you'll go 'ome sober,' sez a old cat wiv a nose wot must 'ave cost 'undreds. 'Well, marm,' I sez, 'hif I doesn't it won't be *your* fault.' Tuppence indeed!"

"The young folks are enj'yin' themselves; it's time we was orf, Sammy," said Mrs. Grimes. "Come aht of it."

And Sammy went.

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OPEN LETTERS AND POST-CARDS.

To the Clerk of the Weather.

Sloppy Sir, —You have ignored the friendly expostulation addressed to you last month, and I now give you due warning that I am sick of your silly pranks. Not content with ruining trade and breaking the hearts of holiday-goers, you must needs rob England of a much-needed victory in a Test match, spoil Henley, and the 'Varsity match into the bargain. It is too much. Overcoats and fires in July should be absurdities, not necessities. Are you aware that the popular clergyman to-day is he who dilates at length, to a shivering congregation, upon the torments in store for the damned? Think what a time you are giving the Recording Angel, for remember, "to swear is human." You must have got the months all mixed up, but whatever your trouble is, don't be so lachrymose. Stop snivelling, and bear it like a man. If you can't do this, for goodness' sake take a holiday, and leave your job in more cheerful hands. One last word—dry up. JOHN BULL.

To the Duke of Devonshire.

My Dear Duke,—Hearty congratulations on the good news that you are pulling round. Had rather a narrow shave, I hear. You will really have to be more careful, not being as young as you once were. Always did like you. You go straight. Always went straight in politics, even when you used to drop asleep over your own speeches. Don't mean that you were always right, but that you never gave me the impression of being in the political game for the grinding of your own little axe. Of course you are an out-and-out Whig, and woefully somnolent and slow-moving. But at least you don't pretend. You've no cant, and you've no humbug. You've neither high aims nor low ones, being merely an ordinary Duke, doing his duty as he sees it in that state of life to which it has pleased the Devonshires to call him, and as you might do a great deal worse, good luck be with you. See you about again soon, I hope.

JOHN BULL.

To His Majesty the King of Portugal (pro tem.).

Sire,—You are going it, aren't you? No doubt you have plenty of excuses for despising the people committed to your charge. They are an absurd race. We learned all about them during the Peninsular War. But even worms are credited with turning sometimes, and when it comes to suspending Parliamentary Government, destroying the liberty of the press, and setting yourself up as a tuppeny tin tyrant, no prophet is needed to foresee that you are likely to go on a journey before long. Your life and your reign have been very unprofitable alike to yourself and your country. I know that you have powerful protectors at certain courts, but nowadays foreign potentates are less efficacious supports than the little people at home. Moreover, Dom Miguel II. is not without crowned friends as well as Portuguese partisans. Let us soon hear that "the House of Braganza has recommenced to reign."

JOHN BULL.

To the German Emperor.

Almighty Kaiser,—Am glad to hear it is now settled that you will pay us a visit in November. You'll remember that I dropped you a line inviting you a few months ago. Now that you have decided to accept the invitation, bringing the Kaiserin with you, you can rely on my doing all I can to make you comfy. You will certainly get a handsome London cheer. We cheer for all crowned heads in London, especially for those who have something in their crowns. Like our own King Edward (God save our Gracious King!), you take the monarchy business seriously; and though for some reason or other "Made in Germany" sticks in the British throat, you may take it from me that your visit will assist a better understanding—I do not say an *entente cordiale*—between your country and my own, and therefore knock on the head some of those flighty jingoes in both countries who never miss an occasion to embitter our mutual relations.

So, between now and November, my dear sire, do have a little tact. Don't go sending off sixpenny telegrams depreciating our lofty character when we are picking a bone with some other fellow, and don't get it into your crowned head that our one object in this life is to wipe you off the face of Europe.

I recollect that, according to the *Daily Mail*, you are due to invade us in 1910. But we have three years grace yet, and much may happen before then. You may even think better of it. Anyhow, come along and enjoy yourself. I am keeping the summer back for you. "Hoch, hoch, hoch!" JOHN BULL.

To Chancellor, Second University in the Kingdom, Oxford.

My Dear Curz.,—Been having a riotous old time up at the knowledge shop recently, they tell me. Been giving degrees away wholesale, not that it matters much. I have lived a pretty long time without a University degree myself. Been running this old Empire for years without one. Run the whole concern by myself, and never was either a D.Litt., or a D.C.L., or an LL.D., or anything of that kind—just plain J.B., name painted large over the door, all the goods marked in plain figures in the window, and mighty proud of myself all the time. Still, go on giving the knowledge trimmings away, and don't mind me. The undergrads like a day out now and then. Keeps them cheerful while in the pursuit of learning.

When Mark Twain came up for his degree of D.Litt., they hailed him in the Sheldonian with, "Get your hair cut, Mark; don't rob the barber," "Have you brought your jumping frog?" and other signs of expressive emotion. Haven't the slightest notion why Mark came all the way from New York to be made a D.Litt. Had an idea he would have thought D. litt. about it. In addition to General Booth, Rud. Kip., Teddy Grey (Foreign Sec.), Antony MacD. (of Erin), and several others were made either D.Litts., or D.C.L.'s, or something, and at once stuck on a mortar-board, or a tam-o'-shanter, and a flowing robe, made a rush for the luncheon tables, and afterwards promenaded the lawn of All Souls as if they were all saints. If the Senate has any more D.Litts. to give away, they had better give a D.Litt. to Miss Pankhurst, of the Suffragettes, as the reward of strenuous, if fruitless, exertion.

JOHN BULL.

To Monsieur Marcelin Albert.

Mon cher Albert,—Quelle dégringolade! quel débâcle! Il y a quelques pauvres petits jours tout le monde s'empressait de te crier "Hosanna," de te traiter en "Sauveur," en "rédempteur" et tra la la; on se prosternait devant ton auto; ton petit doigt semblait plus fort que tous les reins du gouvernement. Malheureusement, tout ça ne contentait pas ton esprit méridional et tartarinesque (passe-moi le mot, je t'en prie). Il te fallait absolument un coup de théâtre. Alas voilà que tu déguerpis pour Paris tu te fons des agents qui se tiraient à quatre pour te fourrer au poste, tu te précipites chez le Président du Conseil, tu lui cries "Me voici," tout comme un polichinelle de la Place du Trône. Etait-il épaté? Pas plus. Il est rudement malin, ce Clémenceau. Ils sont allés chercher le diable à quatre, tes bons amis qui le traitaient de "Clémen-sot." Qu'est-ce qu'il fait? Il te flanque tout simplement quelques compliments et un petit billet bleu, et voilà que pour toi tout est fini. n-i-ni, fini. Tu as beau rentrer à Narbonne, débiner tes vieilles hâbleries. Tout le monde se fiche de toi. Voilà la gr-r-rande révolution des vignerons flambée par terre en un clin d'œil pour la modeste somme de cent balles. Peuchère! C'est magnifique et pas cher. Zut, mon vieux, tu peux fermer ta boîte Au plaisir de ne plus entendre parler de toi.

JOHN BULL.

THE CATCH OF THE SEASON.

AMONG THE BOOKS.

By Herbert Vivian.

TRAGEDY AND COMEDY.

"The Tragedy and Comedy of War Hospitals." By Sister X. London: Murray. Price 6s.

Chief among the many attractions of this instructive book, I count the author's engaging frankness. While nursing in South Africa, she wrote a series of letters to a friend, setting down her vivid impressions on the spur of the moment without thought of a larger public. Now she has been happily persuaded to publish her letters, which reveal not only the sickening shortcomings of our ambulance organisation, but the bright and plucky character of their critic. Her good-natured struggles against hydras of red-tape, her patience with happy-go-lucky fools, and her bellicose defiance of Jacks-in-office reveal her as a born general no less than as a nimble nurse.

On arriving at Maritzburg, she found that the nurses were allowed to do very little, most of the work being left to rough and careless orderlies.

> No one was expected to remain on night duty. . . Next day I returned and found the temperature of the peritonitis patient still 101 degrees; but there he was with the others, preparing to depart, looking very exhausted, and struggling to roll up his kit. I ordered him back to bed, and sought for the orderly. . . I asked him if there had not been a mistake about the peritonitis case, and he answered in the negative, saying in an unmoved voice, "They 'ave all got to go." My blood fairly boiled. . . Moved by my protests, he eventually said he would go for the ward master. "Who is the ward master," I said, "and what has he to do with it?" "'E's in charge of the ward," grinned the orderly, somewhat amused at my ignorance. This hurt my dignity, and I took measures to inform him in my innocence that I was! . . After at least half an hour the ward master appeared and said sharply, "Come on, now—'urry up there—parade in 'half an hour! Why ain't this man up? Get his things together, and look sharp!" For a moment I felt I was watching a play, and was too amazed to speak. As he was moving off, my presence of mind returned. "I sent for you," I said, "because I wish to tell you this man is much too ill to go. I will not allow him to get up." He looked at me for a moment to see if I were in my right senses, and then said, quite politely, "Those are my orders, sister; he has to go with the rest." I told him it would kill the man. "Can't help it, sister—them's my orders, you see."

The state of the wards was deplorable, and the orderlies' notions of nursing were primitive in the extreme. Bugs crawled in crowds on the walls and infested the beds. When a man's splints were removed, "there were these horrid creatures in a single and double file all down his leg." The difficulties of obtaining fresh milk for dysentery and enteric cases seemed insuperable. It was brought round in dirty pails and tipped into the sour dregs in the bowls by patients' beds. The orderlies in charge of the wards at night usually went to sleep, and dangerous cases were left to themselves. Patients with very high fever, who had been ordered not even to sit up, would suddenly be told to get up and make their beds. A man very ill with appendicitis would be set to sweep the floor. The sweeping was done in the most chaotic manner by men who smoked cigarettes and brushed the dust into the air or on to any sheets which might happen to have been turned down on to the floor. There were no essentials in the wards, and they could only be obtained after endless formalities and a number of signatures from officials, whom it often took some time to find. In the case of a sudden collapse, when a restorative was needed instantly, this system often occasioned deaths, which might easily have been avoided. When invalids arrived from the front, they were not taken in at once, but were turned out on to the ground and left there until various formalities had been gone through, no matter what they might be suffering from. "After a long, hot journey and a nice jerky ride in an ambulance waggon, driven by screaming natives, and the cracks of a mile-long whip, imagine the torture this must have been to some of the men."

If such was the state of things at a distance from warfare, it may be imagined what confusion reigned at the front.

> The rain had forced its entry into many of the tents, and there was a loud drip, drip, in the silence of the night, many of the beds wedged together to avoid the pools collecting on them. "Poor devils!" muttered the doctor, as we wended our way along. "Yes, indeed, poor devils!" I thought to myself. I felt one, too. . . I did not like that first night on duty at all. I measured my length several times in pools, for the ground was so slimy. . . A frightened orderly rushed in breathlessly, begging us to come at once, saying that another man was bleeding to death. . . The man was deadly pale, and was spurting blood in large quantities from his arm. . . After much difficulty (with such dim lights) the artery was tied up. . . Another orderly tumbled up against us, saying a man was bleeding from the mouth. So off we tore, to find it was from the lungs this time, and that he was hanging over the bed vomiting blood. . . The hospital was equipped for 500 beds, and over 1,000 had to be accommodated. The P.M.O. had even to give up his office, and in two tin huts all the beds were jammed together. That was a horrible sight.

Nurse X. deserves a Nobel prize for her lurid descriptions of the horrors of war.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

"The House of Defence." By E. F. Benson. London: Heinemann, 1907. Price 6s.

> Lady Thurso said "I think I shall study Christian Science next August."
>
> "Why August?"
>
> "Because I shan't have any time in July."
>
> * * * * * *
>
> "The simple life, anyhow, is finished with: it was too difficult. Do tell me what the next fad is going to be. You always are a full fad ahead of the rest of us."
>
> "I wish I knew. I thought it would be spiritualism at one time, but I don't believe now that it will come off."
>
> Lady Swindon looked thoroughly disappointed. "Oh, I did hope it was going to be spiritualism," she said. "I do automatic writing every evening, unless I am really tired—because it's no use then, is it?—and some times it says *the* most extraordinary things. It is quite fascinating, especially if you use a stylograph pen. . . But if it is not going to be the craze, I shall give it up. One has no time for a private hobby: one has to ride the public hobby all the time. Are you sure you are right? Think of the Zigzags. I never can remember their name. And what about Christian Science? I hear it is spreading tremendously. Or deep breathing?"
>
> * * * * * *

This book may be recommended to those who profess Christian Science, to those who ridicule it, and to those who care nothing about it. Mr. Benson provides us with one Christian Scientist, who possesses a strong character and works what appear to be miracles. They may be due to will or hypnotism, or magic, or prayer, or any supernal agency. But there they are, and they are narrated in a quiet, convincing way, so that you believe in the man even though you do not understand his creed. For my part, I believe he would have been no less impressive if he had been an apostle of Mumbo-Jumbo. His personality acts, not his jargon about "Divine Love" and "false claims." There are such people, and that is why Mr. Benson is convincing when he produces one. He also produces the silly, illogical, well-meaning, watery woman, whom opponents of Christian Science explode in clouds of dust. She had a "Christian Science smile," which she "tried to nail to her face." Her eyes "resembled the shining buttons in railway-carriages." The more she was confounded, the more abjectly and violently she smiled. No one was ever more voluble in expounding tenets which neither she nor anyone else could understand.

The book, however, will be read or ignored without reference to its dogmas of Christian Science. It is not so brilliant as "Dodo," if we measure brilliancy by quantity. But the quality of Mr. Benson's old flashes is there. At any rate, he has improved upon the books which followed "Dodo." It is very difficult to select any of his epigrams for quotation, because his wit is evanescent. Uttered spontaneously after dinner, it would set the table in a roar. But when I have read it in his book, then searched the book for gems, and finally set the gems in these golden pages, there seems but little lustre left. However, my readers have not had my labours, and may smile over a few typical passages:—

> "Do have a special all the way to town; it will be so expensive! Catherine—I must quote her again—says 'Either have a special or go third! . . If she can't have the twenty-five million horse-power motor, up she gets on the omnibus."
>
> * * * * * *
>
> "The carriage is round, my lady," he said.
>
> Lady Thurso hastily finished an egg in aspic, with which she had begun lunch.
>
> "For me?" she said.
>
> "Yes, my lady. It was ordered for a quarter past two."
>
> Lady Thurso pressed her fingers against her eyelids for a moment.
>
> "I can't remember," she said. "Go to my room quickly, and bring me a large blue engagement-book—the one with 'Where am I?' written on it. And bring me anything—cold mutton or bread and cheese."

Quite small beer, no doubt, but very refreshing.

JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

By Mrs. Bull.

Compliments and Otherwise.

When a week or so back the L.C.C. resolved to withdraw "Mary Barton" from their list of school prize-books, as being unsuitable for the youthful mind, a daily paper stigmatised these councillors as "old women." Mark you, there is not one real genuine woman—old or young—on that over-discreet body; the men had arrived at their foolish decision entirely without feminine advice. To speak, then, of this decision as the work of "old women" was obviously a mere *façon de parler* to imply that it was narrow-minded, petty, prudish.

Now we women sometimes listen to a very different song. We are informed that we are "queens of the earth," and receive other equally flattering assurances. But isn't it rather difficult to reconcile these contrasting estimates of our work? How are we women to believe that we are queens, if the term "woman" is supposed to represent all that is foolish and contemptible. It seems strangely incongruous, doesn't it? I verily believe that if every abstract vice and virtue were to suddenly appear in the world in human guise, we should find the L.C.C. and other august bodies, without making any further enquiries, passing resolutions to the effect that the embodiments of all the fine and ennobling qualities should be at once provided with trousers, and all the paltry, despicable ones with petticoats.

Listen to Wilkie Collins, in one of his novels. The heroine, gazing at the hero and the villain in a soul-stirring scene, is made to compare the "manly force and dignity of Julian with the womanish malice and irritability of Horace." I designate that "manly impertinence and vanity." Don't you agree, my feminine friends? And who is the very latest offender? Why, none other than our own Jim Crow. When he wishes to express the utmost contempt and disdain for that righteous personage, Father Vaughan, how does he do it? He just describes him as "Mother" Vaughan. There's a reflection on that dear word. Oh! Jimmy, Jimmy, I'm surprised at you! Please go down on your knees, and, with all the oaths in your vocabulary, promise that you "won't never do it no more."

Dogs in War Time.

"I know," remarks the flippant. "They are made into sausages." May be, may be; but now a new idea is being introduced into the British Army. This is, to train dogs to seek out the wounded soldiers, who—as not infrequently occurs—creep into thickets and woods, there sink exhausted, and, not being found by the men connected with the Red Cross department, die of starvation and loss of blood. These clever war dogs, as soon as the fray is over, are let out, and dash around searching the recesses of hidden places. Each canine nurse bears a flask of brandy strapped to his back, and when he has "a find," he first arouses the half-unconscious man by scratching and pawing him, and then draws his attention to the keg of spirits. If strong enough the soldier unfastens this, and while he is sipping it, doggie speeds away to his nearest co-worker of the human species, and barks triumphantly. Then, followed by men with an ambulance, he leads the way to the concealed sufferer.

These dear, brave animals are of a special breed particularly adapted for the work—a cross between the bloodhound and the retriever. The bloodhound's natural method, after having run his quarry to earth, is to stand over it and bay continually to call his master to the spot; the instinct of the retriever being added renders it easier to teach the dogs to actually return and fetch aid. But how wonderful it seems in any case that a dumb animal is capable of being thus taught to act so intelligently upon its own initiative.

Men's Habiliments.

A hero has appeared in New York. A well-known and highly respected banker—I hope he was fairly young and good-looking—has appeared in a white evening suit. Really, the description reads most attractive. The revers were of white satin, while the waistcoat—oh, that waistcoat!—was made of the palest cream satin, and was daintily embroidered with tiny pink and yellow roses. Doesn't it sound irresistible?

After all, why should not poor men be permitted to give vent to any taste for pretty colours with which Nature may have endowed them? At present, the one and only costume in which they are permitted to select the hue most harmonious to their complexions, is their pyjamas—and what's the advantage of that. The man may not appear before his girl in such a guise, no matter to what extent that delicate shade of blue shows up the golden lights in his hair, or that rosy-pink suit may serve to emphasise the blueness of his eyes. Poor men; it's a wonder they don't all go on strike. Perchance, the example of the New York banker will inspire them. But I doubt it. Few have the courage even to admit that they care a straw for their looks—the noble creatures are all miles above such feminine frivolities, so I hardly anticipate yet awhile being obliged to consider if the colour of my ball-dress will clash with that of the suit worn by my would-be partner.

The Choosing of Uniforms.

Naturally, the attire to be worn by the girl volunteers would be a subject of the utmost importance, and if ever the War Office does make up its mind to take such a corps under its protective wing, the old Generals would be most unwise if they endeavoured to settle this serious question from out the depths of their masculine ignorance. They had better just hand the matter over to Mrs. Bull! I should take care that the uniform is becoming to all types of beauty, without overlooking that grand secret of sartorial success—suitability to the occasion. That immensely clever woman, the late Mrs. Booth, to whom the Salvation Army owes so much of its success, admitted that when the scheme was in its very early stages she took a world of trouble over the headgear intended for the lassies. She tried bonnet after bonnet, of one shape and another, in the endeavour to find a form, simple and not at all smart, that would yet prove becoming to many varying types of countenance. Finally, as we know, she settled on that dainty and most fascinating shape—the poke; and who can tell how many lassies have rallied round the banner unconsciously influenced by the knowledge that they might do so in a becoming get-up.

The Cuisine.

Foreign cherries are plentiful now, and the English whitehearts are only waiting for the sun. Here is a very excellent method of making a pudding with them:—Four teaspoonsful of tapioca should be soaked in a pint of water till this latter is absorbed. Add to this the juice from a pint of stoned cherries. Put a pint of water in the pan, then the tapioca, and the cherry juice sweetened to taste. Now add the cherries, and stew together till the fruit is soft and the syrup clear; then serve with cream.

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"SHALL I MURDER, OR DROWN?"

A few weeks ago a man called at the Editorial Offices of John Bull and said, "I should like to see the Editor." He was shown in to the assistant editor, and the following colloquy ensued:—

"I have walked from Manchester to see you. I was determined to see you."

"What is the matter?"

"I want to ask you whether I must murder or drown?"

"Why either?"

And then the man—a well set up, decent man in the prime of life—told his story, and as it stands below it was taken from his lips. Nothing has been added to it, and nothing taken from it. Here it is:—

My name is Alfred Ware. I lived at 22, Brown Street, Chapel Street, Salford, Manchester, and worked for the Rake Fire Brick Co., of Lea Street, Ancoats, Manchester, for eight years and four months. One day they gave me a cheque for £604 to take to the Manchester and Salford Bank. I met two bookmakers, and we went into a public-house called the W—— and broke into the money, the publican changing the cheque, for which he charged me £20. I went to Leeds, from Leeds to Harrogate, from Harrogate to Liverpool, from Liverpool to Brighton, and then to Chester, staying there until the money was nearly all spent, when I returned to Manchester and gave myself up with 7½d. in my pocket. Drink and cards had got rid of the rest. I was tried before Mr. Higgins, K.C., and sentenced to five years' penal servitude.

At the end of three years, nine months, and twenty-three days I came out without one report against me. In prison I was clerk on the altar to the Reverend Father Matthews, Roman Catholic chaplain of the prison. I went back to Manchester and started work on a building in King Street. I had only been there nine days when two detectives saw me, questioned me, and at dinner-time my employer, Mr. Robson, discharged me, but would not tell me why. I was out of work for a fortnight, when I started for William Tom, builder and contractor, of Oldham Road, Manchester. I had been there three weeks when he sent for me and asked if it was true that I was a returned convict. I told him I was, and he said he was very sorry, but he would have to discharge me. I was then out of work for about three weeks, and then started for Thomas McKay, of Store Street, London Road, Manchester, railway company agent. I had only been there four days and a half when they told me I was wanted down at the general office. Mr. McKay then gave me a note, and told me to go to the cashier's office, and said I was never to come there any more for employment. About four or five weeks later, and when my money was all spent, I went to the police-court and asked the magistrate if he would be kind enough to send me back to penal servitude rather than be hunted about in the manner I was by the police. He said if my statement was true, it was a very hard case. He would make inquiries, and I must be there at 10 o'clock the next morning. I came next morning, and Detective-Inspector Johnson, from the Town Hall, handed in a sheet of foolscap to the magistrate, who said I had told him the truth, but that the police were only doing their duty by letting employers know I was a returned convict. He said, "You see, you have been a builders' labourer, and if you were sent into a gentleman's house to do any repairs you might steal something, and your employer would have to make it good." The magistrate then said, "I think the best place for you until your ticket expires is the workhouse, and in the meantime I will make you a present of 5s. out of the poor-box," which the magistrate's clerk gave to me.

I was in the workhouse 17 days, and was then brought before the Board of Guardians, who asked me what I was doing there as an able-bodied man. I said I would not have come there only the magistrate told me to come till my licence expired. They said the magistrate did not keep the place, and asked me, "Would ever you get work in a workhouse?" I said, "No, gentlemen, I could not," and they told me to go outside and get work. The next day I took my discharge and went out. This was at the beginning of May. Since then I have knocked about, but have not been able to get work or help. I went to the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society, but they said they could do nothing for me unless I was re-convicted. I then walked to London, coming through Stockport, Macclesfield, Stafford, right away through Hanley and St. Alban's into London. I went to the Salvation Army people, and they told me they were completely packed with worse cases than mine, and could not let me stay there even if I had money, it was so full. I went to the Church Army people, and they told me they could not take me in, but I was to call round in the course of a week and they would see what they could do for me; but I have received no assistance, no money, not even a meal, from any of them. I pawned and sold everything on the road to London, and have only what I stand up in. Last night I stayed on the Embankment until twelve o'clock, when the police shifted me. I then went up a road where there was nothing but meat in a market, and sat on some steps. Soon after the police came and woke me up, and told me to clear off or else they would

find me a fresh "shop," and, to keep myself awake, I went and had a wash where the horses drink from. I have come to you to ask what I can do. Must I starve when I can work and want to work? If so, I had better drown before I do worse.

We commend this statement to statesmen and philanthropists, also to the churches. It bears upon its face the impress of truth. The man who tells it is an ex-convict. He was convicted on his own confession of a very mean sort of crime—the stealing of a large sum of money from employers who, as he admits, had treated him well. He does not question the justice of his punishment. He does not complain that the punishment has not ended with his release from gaol. This man slipped from honesty, he made a bad slip, and he has to pay the penalty, as all of us have to do—when we happen to be found out. We are not suggesting that anybody concerned in the business since the man's release from gaol is in any way blameworthy. It was the duty of the police to shadow him and report him—he being on ticket-of-leave. It was the duty of the magistrate to send him to the workhouse—if he saw no other place to send him, and had no better advice to give him. It was the duty of the Guardians to get him out of the workhouse—things being as they are, and he an able-bodied man well capable of earning his living. The builders who gave him work and, when they found he was on ticket-of-leave, dismissed him, are not to be blamed. The magistrate's defence of them was sufficient. If the Salvation Army refuges were full they could not give him relief—though we should like better evidence than mere assertion that they were full. If the Church Army said, "Come next week," to a starving man, there may be reason for it—though we should have thought a kindly word and a crust of bread would not have been amiss. But the fact remains, the terrible fact, that the melodramatic question put to the writer by his visitor, "Shall I murder or drown?" was a question that must of necessity be in the mind of a man so placed as this man was, and is. What is he to do? If he lives he must eat. If he eats, and employment is not to be got, and the workhouse is shut to him, and places of refuge will not take him in, he must steal, and those who steal must expect to meet with resistance, and resistance under such circumstances may mean murder.

We put the case to our readers and to the public. We do not pretend that we have any cut and dried solution of the problem, but its solution cannot be beyond the resources of the State, and if that be so it is the plain and present duty of those who are responsible for the good government of the State to tackle it. Meantime our friend went back to Manchester. He pawned the one or two odd bits of clothing he had left to keep him on the road to London. He hopes to get a job here and there on his way back, enough to keep life in him. We have asked him to keep in touch with us. He says he will, and if any reader of JOHN BULL, moved by his story as imperfectly rendered on this page, can and will give him a job that will afford him a chance of leading a decent life again we will see to it that he knows of it, if only that Samaritan will communicate with us.

THE CHOICE.

To a Suffragette came the Tempter's voice,
"Of a couple of gifts I offer you choice;
Will you have the Vote that women claim,
Or take a Husband, his vows and his name?"

'Twas a terrible test, but, nothing loth,
The Suffragette answered, "I'll take them Both.
That is, if it's all the same to you!"
Said the Fiend, "You must choose betwixt the Two."

Well—it is true that she was getting old—
She chose the Husband, if truth be told,
And married him speedily, you may note,

. . . . . .

But now she wishes she'd chosen the Vote.

RICHARD MORTON.

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AMONG THE MUMMERS.

Children on the Stage.

Recently a company of children, mostly the offspring of actors and actresses and other persons who by courtesy are so described, has been playing a pantomime at various London suburban theatres. I may as well at once put myself out of court so far as the reply courteous of the persons responsible is concerned by saying that I have not seen the show, although I condemn it. Of course, in all other matters one is permitted to pass judgment on general principles; the people of the stage are wont to rise up and call one cursed if he berate a specific example of a type of entertainment without having seen the text, as it were, on which he bases his sermon. However, I am fully prepared to accept responsibility for my conduct in the present case; because, although I have not witnessed the children's pantomime in question, I have witnessed other children's pantomimes, not to mention other juvenile performances by the grown-ups. As the late Henry Morley said of the "Bateman children," so far back as 1851, they are a nuisance by no means proportioned to the size of the performers. They are all deadly; indeed, there are few things more terrible than the acting infant on the stage. One of them is the acting infant off the stage, and another is the admiring parent of that infant.

The Awful Infant.

We all learn to act soon enough, Heaven knows; all of us, that is to say, who do not earn our living at the theatres and music halls. It is positively wicked to teach young people to begin their practice of the love-child of the arts before their time. Precocious infancy is always horrible to contemplate; stage infancy is doubly so. It would be so were there no sordid realities lying usually behind the smirking humours or puerile pathos of the child-actor. They intensify its revolting wickedness. We prohibit, and rightly prohibit the use by lazy parents of begging children; we are trying to prevent shiftless or immoral men and women from living on the earnings of juvenile labour, and to stop the sweating employer from utilising it to cut down the price of adult labour. But for some reason, because a little one is hired out to a theatre or music-hall manager, instead of a fire-wood merchant, a milk purveyor or a matchmaker, the bounds of liberty are widened. Some of our magistrates do not care to license these young people, but their function nominally is to carry out the law, and their discretion is limited. I admit the difficulties of a legal prohibition of child-labour on the stage, although there is no question here of illegitimate interference with the rights of grown men and women to go about their business and pleasure in fair and reasonable ways; and the theatres and the halls alike would benefit materially by the change. As things are, no good purpose would be served by preventing Mr. Arthur Collins from giving winter employment to a large body of poor London children in his Christmas pantomime. But there is something rotten in the state of London when it is deemed necessary by impartial investigators that these children should supplement the income of their respective households, the while their fathers stand about the street corners and their mothers work for West End shops at less than a living wage.

A Protest.

My protest is not against the maintenance of the *status quo* in the matter of juvenile employment at the Christmas pantomime, but against the extension of that employment through the summer months and the tendency notable in various directions to multiply the childish element on the stage to the detriment of the quality of our popular entertainments and the disadvantage of the adult performer. I have seen juvenile opera companies whose only possible recommendation to managers could have been their cheapness; juvenile variety troupes whose banality was only less abominable than their real or assumed sophistication, child-actors whose tricky work was sickening to wholesome men and women, and whose presence in the cast was a sad reflection on the poverty of the dramatist's faculty of invention and the actor-manager's sense of the amenities.

Pinero's Small Boy.

Years ago, when my conviction of the inadvisability of child-acting from all points of view was less deep than it is now, I introduced to my friend, Mr. Arthur Bourchier, another friend who had written what I believed to be a very fine comedy. "But there is a small boy in it," said Mr. Bourchier, "and I don't like children on the stage, and I don't think my public does. Stage children are out-of-date." Shortly afterwards, another management produced a play with a baby in it, and it was a great success. So recently as the last season at the St. James's Theatre, Mr. A. W. Pinero tried to cover up a lack of ingenuity and freshness in "His House in Order" by dragging in a nice little

lad and a dozen other stale theatrical devices. And not only did the lady playgoer gloat over it for hundreds of nights, but the critics as a whole were very kind. Some acclaimed it a masterpiece, whilst only one or two pointed out the painful cruelty of the whole child episode from start to finish—indeed, there was no finish; the child was left "suffering" at the curtain fall.

THE LAW AND THE AUDIENCE.

The law cannot, and perhaps should not, try to go further than it does in its relation to the children of the theatre; but the Press and the public and the managers can and should. The theatre is no more a place for the very young person in the evening than the public-house or the smoking-room, or the workshop, or the street; he or she should be in bed or the nursery—if bed or nursery be theirs—with the going down of the sun. The dramatist who cannot make a play that will affect the imagination of his audience sufficiently to dispense with the actual presence of a child on the stage should be barred; the music-hall manager who cannot fill his bill with adult turns for adult patrons, should give place to the managers who can.

OPERA FOR THE PEOPLE.

"Nothing is too good for the London public," rare old Charles Morton said to me once, "whether it be music, play, or picture." I confess that at the time I doubted the truth of Mr. Morton's dictum. But I have seen things since, cheering things for the most part, in respect to the popular taste in amusements. A few years ago Mr. Charles Manners was laughed at when he declared that the English people—the ordinary English people—would soon come to like grand opera if it were supplied to them finely and at reasonable prices. But he has proved his contention, and he is proving it again at the Lyric Theatre just now. Not only that: The Covent Garden management has been convinced of the fact. As a nation, no doubt, we still prefer oratorio on the one hand and bright, light music on the other; both good enough things to like in their own way. But a liberalism and improvement of musical taste is undoubtedly growing up among a large section of the people—in London and the North Country especially. To the great festivals of music in the provinces the capital may soon add a great English operatic festival every year, and so move on steadily to an established national opera house.

SOCIETY AND MUSIC.

Formerly, the grand season at Covent Garden was almost entirely a social, rather than a musical affair—an incident of the smart London season, whose blasé subscribers demanded novelty, and always novelty, more because each premiere afforded fresh occasion for personal display than for discreet artistic enjoyment. The real lovers of music were not numerous enough to support more than one or two repetitions of even the finest works in each series. Now, thanks to the pioneer activities of Mr. Manners and the other autumn-winter opera seasons arranged, we have enough regular opera-goers to fill the cheaper seats at Covent Garden—all of them much more expensive and uncomfortable than they ought to be—for several repetitions of the greater works. The outcry against a lack of novelty in the programmes is a limited, and not very genuine cry, a few of the hybrid critics having not yet forgiven the Syndicate for putting an Englishman in artistic control of the Garden, or Mr. Percy Pitt for increasing materially the English element in the list of artists engaged.

ENGLISH OPERA.

The wealthy support of the Syndicate is still largely exotic, and it is necessary, therefore, to move slowly in the direction of a fuller showing for the Briton at the Royal Opera; but the tendency is that way, and thanks are due largely to Mr. Charles Manners and his allies for making this tendency profitable. Mr. Manners' company will be at the Lyric for another seven weeks, rendering the works of English, German and Italian composers in English, at popular prices. It should be patronised by any of my musical readers to whom, by reason of its costliness, or from other causes, grand opera well done may have remained so far a pleasant mystery. Later on, Mr. Oscar Hammerstein will build a noble theatre in London, where "Opera for the People" will be a permanent feature of our Metropolitan entertainments. Good luck to him! Carnegie should have done this long ago—if he must really throw his money about in handfuls for "the betterment of the masses." P.

What is Your Number?

It may mean Five Pounds for you next week.

See Page 1.

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XV.—SPEECHES, SPEECHMAKERS, ALCOHOL, AND VANITY.

According to the *Sketch*, nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand after-dinner speeches are inspired by a mixture of alcohol and vanity. Certainly a working journalist ought to know something about speeches and speechmakers if anybody does. His impartiality is not suspect. His experience is wide and mixed. He has seen and heard most of the great orators, many of the tremendous wind-bags, and several of the middle-sized balloons, and therefore the opinion of the *Sketch* is not to be regarded as that of one who also talks through his hat. It is entitled to the honour of my earnest consideration.

I myself have banquetted with Monarchs, Princes, Peers, Lord Mayors, City Aldermen, County Councillors, Prime Ministers, and Ministers who are not prime, politicians, parsons, publicans, sinners, and others, and it has often occurred to me that people eat much better than they speak. The Lord only knows why, of a number of persons collected in order that they may eat and drink to the honour of somebody else, a certain proportion should be marshalled at a cross table on the right and left of the chairman to fire speeches at the rest, whether anybody wants to hear 'em or not. The Englishman is not an orator. He is drearier after dinner than at any other time, probably for the reason that he thinks it necessary to be funny. Painfully he drags in all the old, old stories one after another. Sometimes he starts one, forgets it before he is half-way through, and fits an end of it to himself, and if he has any point in the heavens above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth, nobody ever succeeds in finding it. I remember that once in a dining-car a small boy commenced to giggle at his mother for no reason in particular. "That boy needs a spanking," somebody suggested. "I know he does," said the mother, "but I don't believe in punishing a boy on a full stomach." "Nor do I," was the swift retort; "turn him over." I feel like that myself when I hear the average after-dinner speaker. I would like to turn him over.

Probably after-dinner speaking is due more to vanity than to drink. Most post-prandial speeches are carefully prepared. All the jokes and all the epigrams are under the plate or in the pocket, and often they stay there. Let it not be supposed that the man who thinks he was born an after-dinner speaker has the best time of it at a banquet. He thinks more of his speech than of his food or of his drink. He is a painful companion till he gets that speech off his heaving bosom. He is apt to be monosyllabic and absent-minded. I once saw a Cabinet Minister at a banquet whereat he was down for a speech, sipping impartially of the wine which was his and the wine which was not, and when his companion at the table carefully placed another glass near him preparatory to filling it, the Cabinet Minister was presently observed sipping at the empty glass also. I have heard of a man drinking another man's beer, when he was not looking, because the other man had run away with his wife, but this is the only time I ever saw a Cabinet Minister lifting another man's champagne at a public dinner, while in absent-minded contemplation of an undelivered speech.

Next to the average after-dinner speech commend me to the speeches at a wedding breakfast. A wedding breakfast ought to be a joyful affair, but in general it is not as joyful as a wake. Here again the funny men turn themselves on for orations of sorts, while the bride trembles, and the bridegroom cannot distinguish his knife from his fork because when the funny men have done he also has to make a speech at a time when he feels more like the chief mourner at a funeral. To do him justice, he is not ambitious to orate. His chief worry is to get his speech over and his railway journey begun. In a sickly way he may smile at the witticisms fired at him across the tables. In a still more sickly way he may try to fire one or two jokes back. But his heart is in the first-class railway carriage, with the door locked.

The outsider is apt to think of the House of Commons as the home of great speakers. Time was when its walls echoed with the eloquence of great orators. But there were giants in those days. They were the days when all the best speeches were made on the best port. Once an eminent statesman of this generation was asked whether he could imagine it possible for Pitt to have made a great speech in the House after drinking three bottles of port. "You must remember," was the answer, "he was speaking to an audience very few of whom had drunk less than two." Gladstone was the last of the silver-tongued men.

"What is your Number?" See page 1.

BULL'S EYES.

Some Unfounded Rumours:—

That the Government intends to pass something beside the time presently.

That the Mare of Coventry is a "hass."

That the farmers say their "holdings" will be small enough this year.

That the salaries of Cabinet Ministers will rank as "earned" incomes.

That at the recent society ladies' cricket match at Goodwood, some of the players wore pads.

That the Session is a pro-cession of dropped Bills.

Fashion Note:—Blue is the prevailing colour this summer; everyone has it.

At Henley, D. Stuart rowed D. Fitte. The latter may have been, but he lost all the same.

Woolwich has invented a new explosive. But it is the men who are going off.

Any Odds:—

It's odd that the third hand of a watch is its second hand.

It's odd that there is never a cab in a cabin.

It's odd that when a man is "broke" he has no "pieces."

It's odd that even a skeleton key won't open a deadlock.

It's odd that a capacity for strong drink is a weakness.

It's odd that a motor goes best when its tyred.

It's odd that a window has a sash but no waist.

It's odd that the man who draws stumps at a cricket match is never a dentist.

It's odd that flyleaves are always stationary.

The *Express* says that Tariff Reformers must "fight on every possible occasion for their *principles*." More bad spelling.

Lieutenant Shackleton's expedition to the South Pole is not to start till the autumn. He thinks a "summer" in England the best training.

La Belle Otero recently appeared at a Spanish theatre clad in a single piece of lace. We hope it wasn't bootlace.

Ranji intends to write a book on the Rulers of India. Some of them need straightening.

Mr. Leach says:—"Girls who play golf do not care a fig what they wear on the links." Neither do the men.

The Queen of Spain's baby.—[For further information see the daily and weekly press.]

An Irish landlord writes to a contemporary to say that "in several Continental countries, for instance, in Austria, where women possess the most noble virtues, ladies of the oldest aristocracy have smoked since the end of the eighteenth century." We hope these extraordinary cases of longevity can be authenticated.

A man in Boston, Lincolnshire, who took part in repelling the Fenian invasion of Canada in 1866 has just received a commemoration medal. The War Office is indeed getting active under Mr. Haldane's management.

A South African miner has just sued a storekeeper for damages. The seller guaranteed a rope strong enough to support half a-ton, and when the buyer tried to hang himself the rope broke. The storekeeper should be given another chance.

Mr. Shakespeare Hirst has just died at Huddersfield. For some time he had indulged in a quart of brandy every day. The result is that we now see Mr. Shakespeare hearsed.

The Duchess of Manchester recently visited the Amir of Afghanistan with her husband, and so charmed was that "dusky potentate" that he proposed to buy her right out, lock, stock, and barrel. He does not know that here we give ladies away in marriage.

Has anyone in Lambeth seen a curate with three legs? A wooden leg bought by the guardians for a cripple has disappeared, and all that is known is that "it was handed to the curate."

The Swansea Hairdressers' Union are indignant because the workhouse barber shaves 200 inmates every week for 6s., which is something like three a penny. Paradoxically, while he is in the union, the Union complain that he is not a unionist.

Suffragettes are of the opinion that such acts of cruelty as bringing mice to a meeting can only be stopped by the cat.

Mr. Lever is anxious to grant pensions to the aged. He wishes to put a little Sunlight into their closing years.

A New Jersey girl dislocated her jaw while yawning, and died two days later. It is said she was reading *Punch*.

The Chancery Court has decided that opera singers are servants. But Mary Jane must remember that all servants are not opera singers.

An American has been sentenced to two months' imprisonment for stealing a kitten. He ought to have had the cat.

CONDENSED CRITICISMS:—

The Walls of Jericho.—Won't fall flat, however much the horn is tooted. Hero is a brick, and his way of coping with the villain most mortarfying. A great promotion; not a "jerry-co." by any means. Everybody should go.

Don Juan in Hell.—Hot stuff. A very spirited play, the "pit" scene much appreciated by the "gods." Heroine "on toast," but rescued in the Nick o' time. All the other characters go to the devil.

Toddles.—Not too fast, and should be in for a long run. Principal character "goes the pace" a bit.

The Merry Widow.—Ought to have been called "Next, please!" The heroine has plenty of suitors, but can't find one to suit her. Causing roars of laughter Daly.

"The birth of a new baby brings joy into the house," says Frank Richardson. When he hears of the birth of an *old* baby, we hope he will let us know.

According to the *Book Monthly*, Scott's poems are Lord Rosebery's favourite reading. He sleeps with them under his pillow, handy for waking moments. A cure for insomnia, evidently.

A woman of twenty-five has been appointed gravedigger in a Danish town. More woman's rites.

SIXPENNY TELEGRAMS:—

Sultan of Morocco—Just stolen Kaid Maclean. What offers carriage forward.—Raisuli.

Sultan Morocco—Captured by Raisuli. Refuses saxpence for release—Wire Britain.—Mac.

Raisuli, Lhamass, Morocco—Wire received. No money, but state detailed terms—Sultan.

Sultan, Morocco—100,000 douros. About to slice Mac's right ear—Raisuli.

Grey, Foreign Office, London—Raisuli annexed Maclean. Another hinsult to Hingland—Sultan.

Raisuli, Lhamass, Morocco—Postpone slice—Have wired Grey, Foreign Minister, London—Sultan.

Sultan, Morocco—Raisuli damned nuisance. Ask him nicely disannex at once—Grey.

Grey, Foreign Office, London—Raisuli won't disannex. Threatens slice Mac's ear—Sultan.

Sultan, Morocco—Offer one British bob to save ear, without prejudice—Grey.

(*Wires proceeding.*)

A tea-pot was sold at Christie's for £231. The owner will always have something to put up the spout.

Will The Union Jack Club keep Jack from the Union?

At a fete held at the Botanic Gardens, several distinguished people turned a barrel-organ. They were glad of a handle to their names.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS:—

"Dot and the Kangaroo." (Ethel Pedley.) A book of uneven merit, for Dot often brings us to a full stop. The school-days are amusing, and will remind many of the time when they used to "dot and carry one."

"The Coward In Eden." (Vincent Brown.) We cannot congratulate the author upon originality. The apple was *not* swallowed by Adam. It stuck in his throat, and is called "Adam's apple" to this day.

"The First Violin." (J. Fothergill.) The incidents in the story are strung somewhat loosely together, and the hero is often in a nasty scrape. As to the author's style, well—fiddlesticks!

"The Sweets of Office." (Violet Tweedale.) The book is so sweet that we can almost imagine it was written on an acid tablet. It leaves a pleasant taste in the mouth. The sweets in our office are Bullseyes.

"Incomparable Bellairs." Although this book is published by Nelson, it has nothing to do with the Blue Water school, and the Navy League will be glad to know the incomparable one has nothing to do with King's Lynn.

"A Race for a Crown." The stakes seem low, but no mention is made of what the second and third got.

"Alice for Short." We congratulate Short, of course, but still we hope Alice will not be without her Coddlin'.

"A Woman Perfected." This is not a pamphlet on "Aids to Beauty" or "Why Grow Old?" It is simply a description of a man's first wife as detailed to his second.

ARE BRITONS BECOMING BALD?

HOW MANY PEOPLE ARE DESTROYING THEIR OWN HAIR?

All things considered, it is remarkable that the British have not already become a bald-headed race. As it is, we have already lost the luxuriant curls our Saxon ancestors possessed; Baldness and Greyness, and other hair disorders are becoming more and more frequent every day.

Why is this?

Because most of us know very little about our hair, its life-history and its requirements, and consequently we cannot help it when it needs our assistance, and we stifle and destroy it with injurious remedies (so-called), and by wrongful treatment.

There is a certain malignant bacillus, for instance, whose real mission in life seems to be to try and effect a lodgment at the mouth of the hair-sheath or follicle in which the hair grows. Having secured this position, it multiplies exceedingly. This irritates the little oil gland, whose function it is to keep the hair lubricated, and then, being thus excited, pours out a far larger quantity of its greasy contents than the hair can use.

The unused oil, therefore, spreads over the scalp, cakes into scurf, and if not immediately removed, chokes up the follicle, presses on the papilla, and eventually throttles the hair to death.

And yet how many people, when they see that their hair is losing its quality, know what is perhaps causing this. They treat it with some specific, much advertised, cure-all "restorative," which very likely contains a great deal of greasy matter itself.

And the hair, already struggling against an over-plus of oil, finds that its owner, in a misguided effort to assist it, is adding a good deal more to its troubles. No wonder the hair is frequently overwhelmed.

Or, again, perhaps this oil-flask is more or less dried up. Consequently, the hair is falling out because it is not getting sufficiently lubricated. Here a different treatment is necessary. The remedy must fit the disorder. So-called "cure-all" remedies are, of course, of no use in such a case.

Or perhaps the papilla is not as healthy as it should be, and the pigment cells are not being completely formed, or are not formed at all. Thereupon greyness ensues. Again, individual treatment is required, treatment different from either of the two preceding.

Here are but three examples. But there are many other disorders from which hair suffers, many other forms of attack to which it is subjected.

If you wish to help your hair and to preserve it, you must know something of its requirements. All this is contained in an interesting work entitled "The Hair: Its Growth and its Disorders," written by Mr. Warner Oliver, consultant on the hair, 4, Holles Street, Cavendish Square, London, W.

Readers of JOHN BULL who are suffering from a hair disorder have only to write to Mr. Warner Oliver, stating whether Mr., Mrs., Miss, or Rev., and a copy of this valuable book, which contains no puff or advertisement of any specific hair remedy, will be sent to them post paid, and free of any charge whatsoever.—[ADVT.]

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JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[The Editor *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

"What IS YOUR NUMBER?" We direct attention to the notice on page 1 of this issue in regard to our Weekly Ballot Scheme for canvassers. It will be observed that the first drawing of numbers takes place on Saturday, July 13th—the date of this issue—and that the result will appear next week. We have already explained that it is necessary for trade purposes to allow a few weeks to elapse before the drawings can begin, but ten numbers will now appear regularly every week, those next week relating to our issue of June 15th, the following week relating to numbers published on June 22nd, and so on from week to week, the successful numbers of this week's issue appearing on August 17th.

Dearie (Bristol).—"All is silence."

W. K. J. (Sheffield).—We had already seen and dealt with the case. Sir Charles Skelton *is* a beauty. Thanks for cutting all the same.

J. A. (Bramley) reports the resuscitation of our old friend the herbal cigarette trick, which was so extensively worked in the Tunbridge Wells to Eastbourne districts last summer. As the operators appear to be very active, it may be as well for us to say that the method of working is to appoint an agent for the goods, which are supposed to be supplied on sale or return, tell him that they will circularise the neighbourhood with descriptions of the advantages to be derived from the cigarettes and pay him four guineas a year for the agency, and much other big talk; then deliver the goods (which they carry with them), take the money, and disappear, leaving the unhappy tobacconist with much worthless stock on hand. The trick may, of course, be worked with other goods, but just at present herbal cigarettes are the articles chosen.

C. T. (Kensington).—If you will send us particulars of the business in question, we will endeavour to advise you, but at present we are quite in the dark.

F. R. (Ballarat). tells us that, seeing an advertisement of the "Auto-Table Fountain Co.," 19–20, Cowcross Street, E.C., in an English paper, he, in December last, sent a P.O. for 11s., but up to the present, beyond a postcard acknowledging the money, nothing has come to hand. He says he has given the firm many reminders—perhaps this reminder will have the desired effect.

"Bullet" (Grays) sends us four advertisements cut from the *Union Jack Library*, offering bicycles, watches and phonographs on the instalment system. He has had an argument about them with a friend, and is quite right in his statement that "you pay the deposit and then the instalments before you receive the article. In the event of your not completing the payments you forfeit the deposit," as the carefully worded advertisement states that the goods are sent upon payment of the *last* instalment. He is also quite right in thinking that they are catch advertisements; in fact those of Kingsway Cycle Co., 300, Clapham Road, and Williams and Co., Erskine Road, Walthamstow, could well be characterised in harsher terms, inasmuch as they state "cash price £3 19s. 6d." (the instalments totalling £4 5s.)—thus distinctly suggesting that the firms charge the difference for credit. Of course the instalment price should really be less than the "cash" price, as the purchaser gives these people the use of his money for 18 months without interest or security.

"Once Bitten" (Tottenham) has been caught by one of those 1s. deposit cycle advertisements. The firm in this case is Williams and Co., of Erskine Road, Walthamstow—which sounds like the address of some important works. As a matter of fact, it is that of a small private house. The funny thing about the advertisement is that Williams and Co. offer to supply a bicycle for £3 19s. 6d. cash and for £4 5s. on the instalment system, and claim the right to retain the machine till the last instalment has been paid—thus having the use, free of interest, of all the deposits and charging extra for the goods in the end.

A. E. W. (Leeds) asks why "John Bull" did not win the Derby. We suppose he did not run quite fast enough. His poem is full of fire—or will be soon.

J. J. jr. (London, W.).—Tell them to eat coke.

A. H. D. (Plymouth) thinks it quaint that trained insurance men should appeal to the *Daily Mail* for help in drafting policies. But did they?

Mr. Herbert Vivian continues to receive epistles disagreeing with what he calls his "apology for religion." He says "H. N. M. (Leeds) is courteous, and deserves consideration," and proceeds: "My correspondent W. A. H. (see p. 612) seems to justify my remarks about the intolerance of sceptics, but thinks 'strong beliefs, especially when based on reason as opposed to sentiment, always do cause the holder to be somewhat emphatic in his utterances.' I quite agree that religion should be defended by reason apart from sentiment, but surely an argument is not strengthened by invitations to 'choke the ass' who has ventured to disagree. Such language may be emphatic, but is not in itself convincing.

"H. N. M. takes me task for having said that 'the ordinary, obvious laws of Nature are being constantly overruled by the laws of some other dispensation, which science has not yet contrived to master.' He very properly points out that I have used the word law somewhat loosely, and he goes on to differentiate between science and pseudo-science, giving a very apposite quotation from Huxley, whom we must all respect as a very exact thinker and precise writer. H. N. M. sums up his argument by saying that 'no man of science regards laws as actual causative agents, but as expressions of experience. The law of gravity does not cause bodies to fall when free to do so; the law of gravity is merely one way of expressing that so far they always have done, but this is no justification for saying they always will.' But surely it would be a stretch of agnosticism to say that we are ignorant of the fact that they will, assuming no change of conditions. Nor do I admit that belief in the continuance of a law is precisely the same as considering it a causative agent. Is not a law, as laid down by science, little more than a definition? In any case, my point remains unchanged; men of science have changed their laws or definitions at least as often as religious teachers have modified their creeds. How then can they lay claim to infallibility?

"H. N. M. concludes by stating that 'it is wrong for a man to say he believes that which he has no actual means of proving.' Well, most of us believe the world is more or less round, but we have no means of proving the theory beyond all fear of contradiction. Let us hope that none of us will ever be guilty of a greater sin than that of asserting our belief in the shape of the earth. May I mention that I am not a missionary and that I have no ambition to convert anyone? But I could not refuse to notice comments which combined intelligence with civility.

"J. S. A. D. (New Cross) returns to the charge with a number of obvious truisms, from which he deduces impotent conclusions. Every practical person is agreed that 'liberty has a relative value only.' The British navy has a relative value only, and, since the destruction of the Russian navy, we need less ships to maintain the two-power standard. J. S. A. D. cites Captain Mahan to show that a navy has little offensive power. That depends on the adversary, but, admitting the statement, let us rely all the more on our navy. In the matter of armaments, we want to be defensive, never offensive. J. S. A. D. mentions Poland, but I might answer that her failure was due to her geographical inability to defend herself with a navy. I am afraid that J. S. A. D.'s views are not quite so sound as they appeared on a superficial acquaintance. However, let us agree to differ."

G. H. B. (Merton).—Thanks for copy of the Chaldon Church painting. It has given us the jumps, and we mean to be very good in future. Fancy having your feet eaten off "for dancing" and your arm nibbled off by a dog "for feeding your pets too well!" Our puppy will have sawdust in future. By the way, shouldn't it be Cauldron Church?

A. E. R. (Lavender Hill) points out that the *Evening News* of June 18th told how much worse Mr. Chamberlain is, and the *Daily Mirror* of the 19th reported how his secretary said he was not worse. A. E. R. condemns this as inaccuracy, but the only inaccuracy, if that be the word, is the secretary's.

Mr. Harold Clegg, Secretary of the British Esperanto Association, commenting on our remark that "*all* teetotallers are not fanatics," writes: "Now everybody knows that some teetotallers *are* fanatics, and you are therefore deserving of a biscuit for publishing your statement. For goodness sake learn Esperanto, the grammar of which has no exceptions and can be acquired in half an hour." But this is a question of elementary logic, not of grammar. If Mr. Clegg's process of reasoning is inspired by Esperanto, all we have to say is that English is good enough for us.

Anglais (Sutton) wants to go to France and Germany to learn the languages, maintaining himself by teaching. Why not advertise in French and German papers for a family which will take him *au pair*? We will gladly draw up his advertisement, and suggest a paper if he will say what locality he prefers and what qualifications he possesses.

W. P. (Birmingham) has seen a butterfly, and wants to know if that is a proof of summer. We prefer to go by the thermometer.

(We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.)

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RACING NOTES.

By W. LOTINGA.
["*Larry Lynx*" *of* "*The People.*"]

The Money Didn't Draw.

The Goodwood Cup this year is of much reduced value.

Maligned but Generous.

Sport does more for charity than any other branch of human nature.

Why We Lose.

Most of us as backers spoil our own chances—and admit it—by being unable to "resist a gamble."

Is It True?

Some trainers say that "some" owners can never be shaken off, and that they are a great nuisance during saddling operations, when fussing about and wanting about fifty questions answered all at once!

Doesn't It Matter After Passing the Post?

Having regard to the valuable animals that compete there, the ground upon which horses pull up after a race upon some courses—even at Epsom, on the tan road towards the paddock—is hardly what it might be.

Invitation Coups Usually Come Off.

There are so few backers about just now, and so little custom, that bookmakers frequently leave their pitch and go after a man to induce him to have a bet, or to offer him a longer price than that which he probably refused prior to walking away.

Ask Gilpin.

When we see a little list of three or four winners sent out by a stable during a season, it can hardly be imagined by those not thoroughly understanding the game what a very small percentage of expectations the total presents, and what it has in hopes, trouble, and expense, to get those few victories.

Wagering in the Dark.

How many people bet—and heavily, too—at Ascot, without ever seeing a horse? Certainly, if they stay in Tattersalls', they see absolutely nothing, except, mayhap, an odd animal cantering past to post, or, if lucky, and no one happens to get in their way, the caps of some of the jockeys when finishing. Certainly you cannot do both at Ascot, go to see racing and bet.

Should Have Applied to the Ascot Gold Cup.

How sensible the Belgian racing rule is that if a horse is disqualified for bumping, he merely changes places with the sufferer through his misdemeanour. It is really absurd that he should be reckoned unplaced and behind other horses which he has fairly and squarely beaten.

'Arry and 'Arriet at Sandown.

The most elaborate arrangements are being made at Sandown Park in anticipation of the August Bank Holiday meeting, the executive meaning to show that they can cater for a huge crowd. We gained practical knowledge of what has and is being done at the recent meeting, and prior to the August date I understand that the most perfect arrangements have been planned.

South African Enterprise.

No fewer than five new sires have been imported into Buenos Ayres within the past few months, their names being Diamond Jubilee, Val D'Or, Jardy, Pietermaritzburg, and Lord Melton. All these cost huge sums—four of them over £20,000 each. As encouragement for such importations, and the home breeding of thoroughbreds, a mammoth race is to be promoted, termed the Republic Grand Prize of £15,000, to be run for in 1910, which is the centenary of the foundation of the South American Republic. The event is for three-year-olds and upwards, weight for age, and is open to the world.

My Cricket Match.

Although somewhat late now to refer to last week's happenings, I cannot refrain from thanking the many JOHN BULL readers for the help they gave me in promoting and advertising the game, and in aiding its success by attending. If not very serious cricket, we anyhow had a real good sporting game, and will, I think, be able to benefit the intended object—"The Cripples' Fund"—to the extent of something between £150 and £200. The total receipts would be approximately £300, of which about one half go for expenses of the match, chiefly printing and bill-posting.

The Polymelus Photo.

The success of this popular horse in the Princess of Wales Stakes reminds me that we are nearing the end of our huge supply of photos of the Cambridgeshire winner, with Maher up, in colours. Mintagon (Trigg up), as also a head and shoulders photo of the writer is incorporated on the one sheet, and I would urge everybody who wants not alone a characteristic memento of last autumn's popular double event, the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire, but also real good portraits, to possess it. Years hence, when unobtainable, they will be of great sporting value, especially as nothing like it has ever yet been done; while the pictures are made more uncommon by the autograph of each original being appended. As to what those mostly concerned think of the pictures, I would say that they have been accepted by the owners, trainers, and jockeys of each horse.

Mr. S. B. Joel—Polymelus's owner—writes me that "he would be glad to have a framed copy of the photo, which is a splendid picture." C. Peck, the horse's trainer, says "it is a very good photo indeed"; while Maher, his jockey, adds that it is a "topping picture, just like me and the horse." Trigg says that "every muscle and mark of his Cesarewitch mount is there, and I would know the horse at a glance. It is really splendid, and I would not miss having one." With the consensus of opinion so much in one channel of approval, is it to be wondered at that the picture is a popular one, especially when issued at such a popular price—6d.?

Newmarket.

Within the memory of the traditional "oldest inhabitant" there has not been a worse July week for generations. When the meetings "Behind the Ditch" are not associated with sunshine and suitable summer weather, the whole gist of their existence and success is removed. Although His Majesty and the Prince of Wales proved themselves sportsmen by not missing a day—despite the cold and rainstorms—very few indeed of the general public braved the elements, so that Newmarket was typically itself—practically a private sports ground to a small body of aristocrats. The racing was naturally good, and the results almost wholly favourable to the colours of the patricians. There was some good racing and keen finishes—with, in cases, wondrous open prices laid against certain winners. Malua, for instance, after his Hunt Cup form, did not look like being a 9 to 2 chance in the chief handicap of the week, nor did Hanover-Square promise to start at the same odds. But perhaps the biggest take down of all—providing real "gruel" to S.P. men—would be Polymelus being at 7 to 4 against, whereas in the company of a couple of moderate hurdle racers like Merry Moment and Nulli Secundus he

Now is the time for sportsmen to seriously consider with whom they intend to entrust their turf commissions during the summer of 1907. There is certainly no turf accountant who transacts his business more carefully and thoroughly than Mr. E. W. Betts, of 41, Charing Cross Road. The features of this business house are generosity of terms and promptitude in all settlements. All accounts—large or small—receive careful personal supervision. Write at once for full particulars and terms of business. Telephone, No. 9137 Gerrard.—(ADVT.)

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ought to have been a 100 to 7 on chance. The price, and the result, only show how, without justification, racing folk are perfect sheep, for the merest nominal rumour soon becomes an exaggerated fact. Exactly the same question of his condition and soundness will be recalled regarding the similarly easy victory of Rock Sand four years ago. One cannot help noticing that English jockeys—like our all-round English athletes—are gradually taking a very backward place, for only once in some nine or ten years has the Princess of Wales Stakes been won by a home rider, this being Madden last year on Dinneford. Maher has scored three times in four years, while Reiff, Martin, and other importations among jockeys have won it.

Our Sporting Debacle.

Last week was in reality the biggest all-round sporting period of the year, but everything, as a financial success or social function, was utterly ruined by the indescribably bad weather. "Wicked" is the only word that can apply to the winds and storms which prevailed. English athleticism, too, received a very severe blow, for we have always prided ourselves upon showing the way to every nation in field prowess. And yet the last two or three seasons those who have copied us are beating us. We taught the Australians to play cricket, with the result that they are now as good, if not better, players than we are. The South Africans, who only took to the game quite within the last ten years, are going strongly up the ladder, and are already good enough to antagonise our test teams. The New Zealanders—as also the South Africans—have been over and thoroughly trounced us at Rugby football, truly our own particular sport. Of late years Americans and other foreign crews have visited Henley with success, and last week the Belgians not only emulated their previous year's success in the Grand Challenge Cup at Henley, but won with any amount in hand, after ignoring all cardinal rules as to training and rowing. In the Tennis Championships our Colonies and America have swept the board for both sexes; two at least of the Amateur Athletic Championships fell to aliens, while a Frenchman won the Open Golf Championship. All in all, it can be only realised with regret that our once much-vaunted supremacy has been threatened—if not effaced. There is some slight consolation in pretending more than realising that recent years have been very lean indeed with us athletically, while the tennis champions were not playing, and our oarsmen were both too clannish and tried to do too much. Do the results really mean that we are retrogressing, or that our competitors and imitators are making giant strides in every direction?

Prophetic.

Lingfield provides the attraction of the week, when Coffer Dam should take to-morrow's Summer Handicap, and the nicely-handicapped Titan the sprint. Little Flutter, who will not now be at unreasonable odds, will assuredly pick up the skein of success again in the Great Foal Plate, while I consider the "best thing" of the meeting to be

Lustleigh,

now that Madden can ride him in the Imberhorne Handicap. The horse is treated worse than a selling-plater like Heliotrope.

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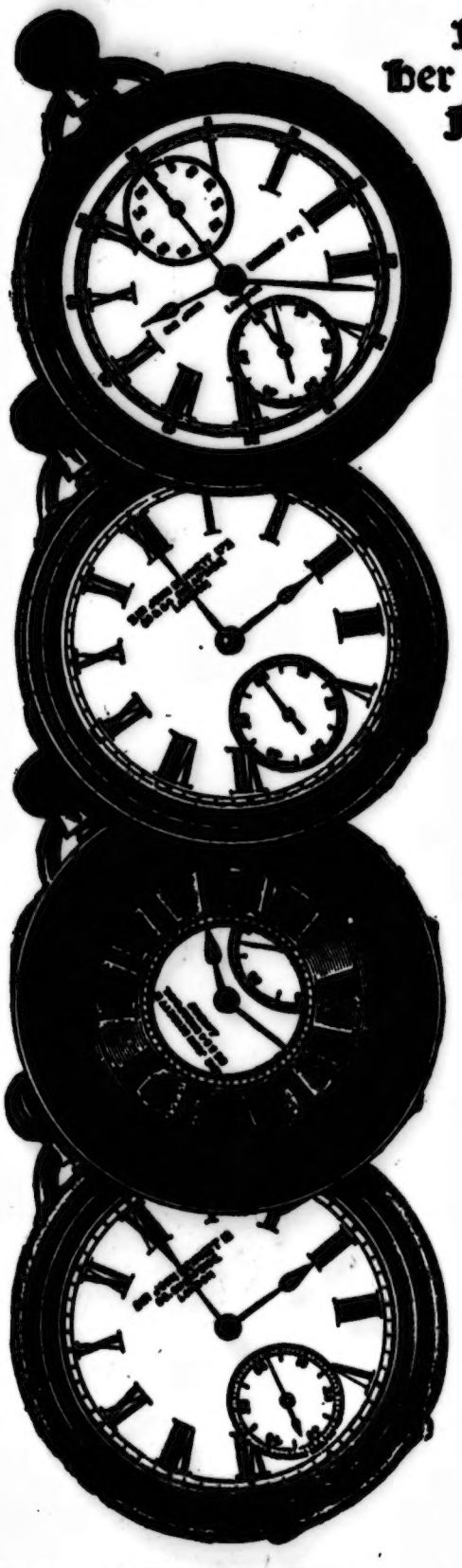

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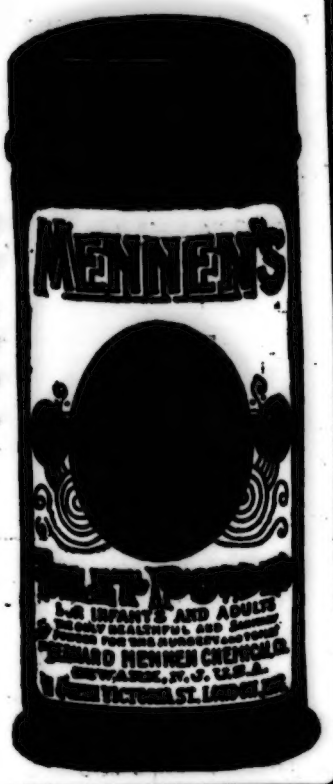

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